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A SORT OF  
A FAMILY HISTORY  
*by GUY TAYLOR*

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**FROM**

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
**Mr Guy Taylor**  
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28 November 1994

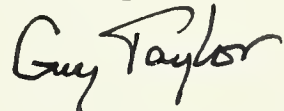
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Dear Acquisitions-Gifts:

I am told by a Salt Lake City friend, Russell Orton of Bookcraft Publishers, that I should send you a copy of a family history I have recently completed, and I do so herewith. It concerns two families from totally different worlds, neither of which, to the best of my knowledge, has ever been chronicled before.

My thanks in advance for whatever attention you might give it.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink that reads "Guy Taylor". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, stylized "G" and "T".

Guy Taylor

CC F 741905





A SORT OF A FAMILY HISTORY

by

GUY TAYLOR

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For my son and daughter,

Eric and Ellen

with all my love

and to all who are named within

with my respect and regard





## Preface

Because my profession as a symphony orchestra conductor necessitated our living in a number of cities, all of them, as it happened, quite distant from both my family and my wife Renée's, my son and daughter grew up having very little contact with relatives beyond our immediate family. I wanted them to experience some sense of family roots, despite this lack of contact, and decided to try to do something about it.

I began by tracking down and listing the names of every family member on both sides (my family, the Taylors, and Renée's family, the Liftons) that I could possibly find, starting as far back as I could get and proceeding to the present.

Then came the challenge of translating these many names and dates into human terms; I wanted to relay not just statistics but my **experience** of my ancestors and, as far as I could, Renée's of hers. So I proceeded by simply writing out everything I remembered, or could find out, about each family member in turn. Results varied widely, of course, from extensive information on some, to much less on others more distant, to nothing at all - beyond the bare listing - on many far-flung relatives never met, never known. Inevitably, a certain amount of autobiography was involved.

Thus I came to a hybrid sort of structure - genealogical listings interspersed with commentary and with an autobiographical slant. What to call it? "A Family History" seemed boring and academic; "Family Memories" seemed trite; I thought of a fanciful title, "Blue Butterflies", referring to something in Chapter II, but that ultimately seemed silly. One day a friend happened to remark, "I hear you're writing a family history." "Well," I hedged, "it's a **sort** of a family history." There was my title, I realized.

The Taylors and the Liftons - two very large families from two totally different worlds - add up to a considerable number of people. Keeping them all sorted out is next to impossible without some form of indexing, and I adopted the following system:

There are four lines of succession to be set forth:

Taylor family, paternal side (Taylor/Graham)

Taylor family, maternal side (Shaw/McMichael)

Lifton family, paternal side (Lifschitz/Shveduk)

Lifton family, maternal side (Schwartz/Dyrnartsky)

and I designate the various generations of these families as follows:

Taylor, paternal - with Roman numerals: I, II, etc.

Taylor, maternal - with Arabic numbers: 1, 2, etc.

Lifton, paternal - with capital letters: A, B, etc.

Lifton, maternal - with small letters: a, b, etc.

Then, within each generation, family members are numbered in line of chronological succession.

For example, my paternal great-grandfather (the oldest ancestor from my family on whom I have information) is indexed I-1, indicating that he is in the earliest generation being written about and that he is the oldest member of that generation. My own index number is IV-1, indicating that I am in the fourth generation of descent from my great-grandfather and, as the eldest child of an eldest child, the first of my generation in line of chronological succession.

Granted, this has its comical aspect. I can see and hear it all now - one of my son Eric's scenarios:

The phone rings. "Hello..." "Hi, Roman five dash one, it's Roman four dash one. I thought I would call and see how you and capital D dash twenty-four are getting along..."

The indexing is a means of locating or cross-referencing individuals within the family structure. If not needed for this purpose it can be, and probably should be, entirely ignored by the

reader.

Grateful appreciation is expressed to several relatives on both sides without whose input of information and personal memories this account could not have been written. On the Taylor side: my brother, Stokely, of Hueytown, Alabama; my first cousin, the late Col. Gordon E. Howell, of Los Angeles, California; his mother, my aunt, Ellen Shaw Howell, of Hueytown, Alabama; my aunts Hazel Taylor Adams and Willie Taylor Cambron, of Anniston, Alabama. On the Lifton side, in addition to Renée herself, of course: her brother, Herbert Lifton, and, especially, his wife, Chérie, of Flushing, New York; Renée's first cousin, Frieda Moak, also of Flushing; another first cousin, Herbert Lippe, and his wife, Sylvia, of Santa Monica, California. For much information on the Pale of Russia and on Jewish nomenclature, in Chapter 3, I am indebted to an excellent book, "Finding Our Fathers: A Guidebook to Jewish Genealogy" by Dan Rotenberg (Random House, 1977).

Begun at Santa Cruz, California, 1986

Researched and written as time permitted and

Completed at Edmonds, Washington, 1994.





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## CHAPTER I

### THE TAYLOR AND GRAHAM FAMILIES

#### The Locale

Anniston ("Annie's town", named for the wife of a pioneer settler) is in Northeast Alabama, sitting amid foothills of the Appalachian Mountains. A spring or summer visitor to the region, especially a visitor from the West, is struck by how very green the countryside is. Highways and streets seem to tunnel through archways of green trees. The ground is a horizon-to-horizon carpet of green, except where roads cut through hillsides and the redness of the underlying soil is seen.

The town lies approximately halfway between Birmingham and Atlanta, on the main highway and railroad routes to the Northeast. It is the seat of Calhoun County. A large U.S. Army post, Fort McClellan, adjoins its northern border.

Principal industries include a major branch of the Monsanto Chemical Company and four or five cast iron pipe foundries. During my childhood there were a number of textile mills but I believe these have largely disappeared. There was and is a considerable amount of 'agribusiness' servicing the farms of the surrounding area. Population of the city and environs was about 25,000 when I was growing up there. It is now about twice that.

Although there was some branching off, especially towards the Birmingham area, essentially the Taylor-Graham family seat was and is Anniston and Calhoun County. In the following account, except when specified otherwise, this locale may be assumed.

#### I. My Great-grandparents' Generation (from circa 1840):

- I-1) William S. Graham (ca. 1840 - ca. 1930). Married Frances Lonergan. Their children, born in the 1860s and 1870s (chronological order of birth not known):

II-1) Minnie Frances ("Taylor Mama")

II-2) Annie

II-3) Will

II-4) Walt

II-5) Carrie

Following the death of Frances, William S. Graham married her sister, Rebecca Lonergan. Their children, born in the 1870s (chronological succession not known):

II-6) Jean

II-7) Emmett

II-8) Sam Henry

II-9) Stella

**Great-grandpa Graham** died at age 90 to 95 - no one is quite sure. In his very old age he came to live with his daughter, Jean, in Emorytown on the western outskirts of Anniston. She was utterly devoted to him and cared for him with greatest possible honor and love. I remember him in those last years as a strikingly handsome man, of large stature, with a great shock of snow-white hair and a ruddy complexion.

In his youth he lived at Ohatchee, a little community in northern Calhoun County, where for many years he operated Hart's Ferry, then the only way to cross the Coosa River in that region. In those days the Coosa was a middle-sized, very muddy stream, famous for its fat catfish. Now it is a massive, sparkling-clear waterway, part of a hydro-electric system.

A gold mine was purported to be on some land Grandpa Graham owned near Ohatchee. This was the source of much conjecture on the part of his many descendants for years - we were all going to be rich when Grandpa's gold mine "came in". Ultimately, after his death, some of his grandsons got expert help and made an exhaustive search of the property, finding absolutely no indication of gold or any other mineral of value, and at last the legend was laid to rest.



I remember many a Sunday afternoon family gathering at Aunt Jean's, with Grandpa Graham, ensconced in his favorite rocker on the front porch, as the central figure. On rare and very special occasions (important birthdays or anniversaries) he would give gold pieces of \$5 or \$10 denomination as gifts, always folded in white tissue paper, and for a family member to be singled out in this fashion was an awesome distinction.

Aunt Jean's big barn of a house had a steeply slanted shingle roof and we kids always played "Annie Over", a game in which two teams stood on opposite sides of a house and threw a ball back and forth over the roof. Being then, as now, singularly un-athletic, I usually managed to get bonked on the head but fortunately the game was played with a soft rubber ball.

Information on any ancestors prior to Great-grandpa Graham has been impossible to find. My conjecture is that the early Graham and Taylor families were both probably part of the great migratory flow southward from Virginia and environs which is known to have occurred, along the rich farm lands on the slopes and in the valleys of the Appalachian mountain range. It is known that these hill folk kept pretty much unto themselves, preserving the old Anglo-Saxon ways and manner of speech. It seems to me that some of the names in our family (like Stokely, Brack, Barker, Blewster) might be a verification of this possibility; also some of the speech I used to hear from relatives of my grandparents' generation, which was not just 'southern' but included something else - a kind of a brogue. However, I repeat, this is purely conjectural on my part.

My sources did provide the names of three families whom they know to have been related, probably by marriage, to Great-grandpa Graham: the Sissons, the Goodes (pronounced to rhyme with 'foods') and the Nunnellys. Of these families I knew only one person, Ed Nunnelly, a first cousin of Taylor Mama, my grandmother. He was a big, dark-haired, jolly man who ran the road scraper on the Eulaton Pike when I was a child.

#####

II. My Grandparents' Generation (from ca. 1870):

II-1) Minnie Frances Graham [Taylor Mama] (1871-1935)  
married

II-10) William Thomas Taylor (1871-1908). Their children  
(listing is in correct chronological order):

III-1) Stokely Brackston [Brack] (1894-1951)

III-2) Gertie Mae [Gert] (1896-1962)

III-3) Arthur (1898-1975)

III-4) Carl (1901-1935)

III-5) Violet (1903-1987)

III-6) Annie (1904-1986)

III-7) Hazel Elizabeth (born 1906)

III-8) Willie Lee (born 1909)

**"Taylor Mama"** is the only name by which I ever knew my paternal grandmother, Minnie Frances Graham Taylor. In the early 1920s, her husband long dead, she went to live with her oldest daughter, my Aunt Gert Blewster, who had been widowed and left with two small sons. Aunt Gert, of course, had to become the family breadwinner and her mother took over the running of the household and the day care of the boys. They (the boys) always called their mother "Mama" and, to differentiate, they somehow began calling their grandmother "Taylor Mama" and the name stuck. She was "Taylor Mama" to all of her grandchildren, as well as to many friends and neighbors, for the rest of her life.

The name was appropriate. Her life was totally committed to the nurturing of children - there were her own eight, then the two Blewster boys and 25 other grandchildren.

I remember her as somewhat roly-poly, though not obese. She was a silent laugher and when she laughed she shook all over. She had pewter-gray hair which she swept up and fashioned into a softly-braided bun pinned on the top of her head. She never used any makeup except for a light dab of face powder on the most solemn of dress-up occasions. She was strong of body and character but

she spoke softly and there was a great gentleness about her.

Although her life was spent in Bible belt country she rarely went to church - I suspect that her religious feelings were personal and private and didn't require the trappings. Her chief relaxation was to sit at day's end in her rocking chair - by the fireside in winter, on the front porch in summer - and visit with the family members who often dropped by to see her. Her one vice, in common with many women of the time and place, was snuff ("Bruton's Sweet"), which she dipped out of the little cans using what she called toothbrushes: 3- or 4-inch lengths of cuttings from certain trees or bushes, chewed (by her) at one end until a soft bristle was formed.

There was a small mountain nearby and "climbing the mountain" was a favorite Sunday afternoon outing for younger members of the family. In spring and summer we always returned with wild plums and blackberries, and with big bunches of wild honeysuckle and sweet shrub and - most important - some handfuls of cuttings from sweet gum trees for Taylor Mama's toothbrushes. She always thanked us by saying she was "right proud" to have them.

One night in the summer of 1935 she died in her sleep of a heart failure - there had been no warning or, if there had been, she told no one about it. She died as she had lived, quietly.

Not very much information has been forthcoming on my paternal grandfather, William Thomas Taylor (II-10), who died at a tragically young age and was therefore only dimly remembered by his children. His family was centered in Roanoke, in East-central Alabama near the Georgia border. He had two brothers, George (II-11) and Tillman, and three sisters: Addie, Emma and Lou, whose married name was Tomlin. His brother, Tillman, had two sons, Edgar and Barnes. Of this family I knew only my Great-uncle George (II-11), although I vaguely recall once seeing from a distance at a family reunion a very elderly lady who was said to be Great-aunt Addie.

William Thomas was small in physical stature and photographs show him to have been a good-looking man with dark curly hair, pleasant features and a dapper moustache. He died of a sudden heart attack in 1908, at the age of 37.

|||||

II-2) Annie Graham married

II-11) George Taylor, brother of William Thomas Taylor.\*

Their children, born late 1890s and early 1900s

(correct chronological order not known):

III-9) George, Jr. (died 1965)

III-10) Vernon

III-11) Dewey

III-12) Roy

III-13) Ralph

III-14) Myrtice

III-15) Addie

III-16) Johnnie (a girl)

III-17) Flora

\*(Two Taylor brothers, William Thomas and George, married two Graham sisters, Minnie Frances and Annie, making their children, III-1 to -8 and III-9 to -17, double-first cousins.)

**Annie and** George Taylor lived on a sizable farm near Lincoln, Alabama - roughly halfway between Anniston and Birmingham. They had a big, two-story white frame house with dark green trim and lots of outbuildings. The place was visible from the Bankhead Highway (named for Tallulah's uncle, the long-time Senator) which was then the main road between Atlanta and Birmingham.

Aunt Annie and Uncle George both had snow-white hair and they looked rather alike. I have since realized that at the time they both bore a startling resemblance to the famous photograph of Mark Twain with longish white hair and flourishing moustache -

Annie didn't have the moustache, of course, but George did.

There were two contingents of our huge clan, the larger one (mostly Taylors) living in or around Anniston, the other (mostly Grahams) living in the Birmingham area, making George and Annie's farm, conveniently located between the two, the ideal meeting place for annual Sunday afternoon family reunions. I remember going to several of these during the late 1920s.

Not having a car of our own, my parents and brother and I usually rode with Aunt Gert (III-2) and her two sons and Taylor Mama, the smaller kids sitting on bigger kids' laps as necessary. Aunt Gert's car was a Chevrolet touring model with open sides (there were leather curtains with isinglass windows which snapped on for rainy or cold weather) and a horn that went "ah-ooo-gah".

Early arrivals at the farm would be seated in a row of rocking chairs stretched across the front porch and every time a car turned into the long straight driveway from the main road to the house there would be much peering and conjecturing until finally someone cried out, "Why, it's Violet and Barker!" or "It's Emmett and Annabelle!" All would rush out to the arriving vehicle and there would be many hugs and kisses and children would hear from seldom-seen Great-aunts such comments as "Law, Child, how you've grown! Why, I declare, you're nearly as tall as your mama!"

We kids would head for the barnyard, where we wrestled with each other in the hayloft, climbed about on the farm machinery and made friends with the mules, the cows, the pigs, the chickens and, of course, the farm dogs and cats. In the house, our elders would gather in the front room around an ancient pump organ, played by, I believe, Johnnie (III-6), and they would sing a few hymns and, because everyone had missed church in order to attend the reunion, someone would offer up a prayer to sort of make up for it.

Then it would be about one o'clock and dinnertime. While every individual family present would have contributed something to the feast - usually something easily portable like a cake or a pie



or a platter of deviled eggs - the main content of it came right from George and Annie's farm. The immensely long table in their dining room would seem to be literally sagging under the vast quantity of food upon it. We served ourselves buffet style.

A great mound of fried chicken, just out of the big iron skillets in the kitchen, would be a central feature. Then there would be a home-cured ham, perhaps a big platter of fresh pork chops and another of home-made sausage patties; there would be a steaming pot of corn on the cob with a big bowl of soft butter (from a cow whose nose you had just patted) to put on it, and a great heap of green beans boiled Southern style with whole Irish potatoes and lots of the uncured bacon known as white meat or side meat or boiling meat or, more earthily, sowbelly; and slabs of huge tomatoes fresh from the garden, tasting the way tomatoes used to taste but don't anymore; and dozens of deviled eggs, bowls of potato salad, every conceivable kind of relish, pickle and preserve. Finally, there would be a dishpan-size peach cobbler, cakes and pies of every variety, pots of coffee, mugs of iced tea and, for the children, pitchers of milk with cream forming on the top (from that same cow).

Every woman there would take some part in the massive clean-up job after the big dinner while outside some of the men played horseshoes and others strolled into the fields to admire Uncle George's crops. Eventually another singing group might form around the harmonium, singing secular songs this time: "Just a song at twilight" or "I wandered today to the hills, Maggie" or "Neeee-taaah, wah-ah-ah-neeee-taaah". About four o'clock, Uncle George and a couple of his sons would set up an oilcloth-covered table in the shady side yard and spring-cooled watermelons would be brought out. Any melon which was not absolutely perfect to the taste would be thrown into the rind barrel to be fed to the pigs and would be replaced by another. There were lots of salt shakers, since every Southerner knows that to put salt on melon is to bring out its

sweetness.

Presently one of the elder uncles would pull out his pocket watch and announce to his immediate family that the time had come to leave if they were to make it home before dark. The whole party would break up quickly then, with again much hugging and kissing and many entreaties to "Please come and see us". Annie and George would station themselves on the front porch to bid an individual farewell to each family group, and there would be some parting gift for each: a jar of jelly or preserves, a cutting from an admired rose bush, some fruit from a prized tree, a snack of leftover drumsticks for the kids to nibble on the way home.

As we set off down the long driveway we would look back and wave to Aunt Annie and Uncle George and it would all be over for another year.

Soon the great depression was to come and there would be no more family reunions.

[Although I will continue to discuss parents and children separately in succeeding generations, in this one, from here on, I will deal with them together since information on some of the families is very scanty.]

With one exception, I have not seen or known anything of George's and Annie's nine children since those long ago days of the family reunions. I do remember that the sons were all tall and strapping and the daughters pretty, that one of the daughters worked as a long distance telephone operator which seemed terribly exotic, that one of the youngest daughters, Johnnie, still lived at home and was tomboyish and a great athlete, and that they were an extremely affable group. They all, I believe, ultimately settled in the Birmingham area.

The exception was the eldest son, George, Jr. (III-9), who, many years later, was to become my stepfather. In 1954 he, a widower, and my widowed mother, Ola Mae (3-1, qq. v.), were married. They lived in Gulf Breeze, Florida, near Pensacola, until his death in 1965.

#####



II-3) Will Graham married

Minnie Ward. They were childless but adopted and raised his sister Carrie's (II-5) youngest child:

III-27) Bill, born ca. 1917

**My Great-uncle** Will was the town blacksmith. During my childhood a good deal of farming was being done in the region West of Anniston and Uncle Will's shop, located under a clump of sycamore trees on the Eulaton Pike (the main road leading from town out into the country), did a flourishing business. I spent many an hour engrossed in watching him make and fit shoes on farm mules, or shape iron implements and fittings to the specifications of his farmer clients. As a treat, I was sometimes allowed to turn the crank which operated the bellows, making the fire blaze brightly and bringing the strips of raw iron to a state of red-hot malleability.

Uncle Will was tall, angular, rawboned and had a few strands of dark hair combed across a balding pate. He always seemed to have about him, not unpleasantly, something of the smell of the finely-ground coal which burned in his forge.

My most vivid memory of him dates from when I was about 12 years old. The game of miniature golf had become a big fad and kids everywhere were playing it in their yards and on vacant lots, few having the money to go and play it on regular courses. Uncle Will would make golf clubs for my cousins and me by fashioning the club heads on his anvil and then fitting them onto broom or mop handles which we would bring him. The crowning delight was that he would spell out each owner's name on the flat side of the club by punching in dots with a pointed chisel while the iron was still hot. With what pleasure I reached out for my personalized club when he finished it - and discovered to my silent chagrin that he had spelled my name "GI"! At that, it was prophetic: exactly a decade later I was indeed a G.I. in the U.S. Army.

Will's wife, Minnie, was a favorite aunt of my father's. In

times of trouble and stress (and there were many in his life) he would go to her for long talks after which he always seemed to feel better. She was deeply, profoundly religious. A common sight on warm afternoons was Aunt Minnie on her front porch reading her well-worn Bible. I believe she had a continuous program of reading it all the way through, every word, then going back to "In the beginning" and starting over.

Her house was centrally located within our neighborhood and when the county health nurse, Mrs. Podie, came every year to give typhoid shots and smallpox vaccinations she would set up her base of operations on one end of Aunt Minnie's front porch. Though both kindly and jolly, Nurse Podie was a huge lady, of truly Amazonian proportions, and when she stuck you with a needle you had been stuck. Children cried and mothers flinched, but Aunt Minnie was always there with an understanding smile, a pat on the head and a drink of cool water, and everyone went away comforted.

The very center of her social life was the nearby West Anniston Baptist Church. Every time its doors were opened, Aunt Minnie was there, whether for regular services or Wednesday night prayer meetings or Sunday School or Ladies' Missionary Society meetings or weddings or funerals. I always secretly suspected that she most enjoyed the funerals, with their drama and sweet sadness. With no effort at all I can summon up in memory the sound of her voice, small, untrained but true, singing "In the sweeeeet bye and byyyye..."

Just why Will's sister Carrie (II-5) gave up her last child, Bill, for adoption is not known to me. My guess is that the reasons had to do with poverty, the fact that she already had five other children, and the belief that Bill would have a better life as the adopted son of her otherwise childless brother and his wife. At any rate, Bill knew no other parents than Will and Minnie and it seemed to be a very happy arrangement.

About three years my senior, Bill was a quiet, pleasant

fellow with whom I enjoyed spending time. We were both avid readers. Whereas I saved my odd pennies to order new violin pieces through the mail (they cost 15¢ each plus 3¢ postage), Bill saved his to buy monthly "Railroad Adventures" magazines. He always passed them on to me after he read them. I don't know whether he enjoyed hearing my new violin pieces when I played them at school or church but I well remember how gripping I found those stories about good guys and bad guys and trains.

I have not seen or heard from Bill Graham since childhood. I understand he had a disastrous early marriage but then a very happy second one, and that he lives still in the old neighborhood.

#####

II-4) Walt Graham married

Ola (maiden name not known). Their children, born late 1890s, early 1900s (chronological order not known):

III-18) Amanda

III-19) Claudine

III-20) Viola

III-21) Pauline

I ~~remember~~ Uncle Walt as a fairly stocky man with blond hair, very quiet, whom we saw at family reunions but not often otherwise, since he lived some distance away from us. I have no recollection of his wife at all. Their daughters and my parents were good friends. Amanda and Claudine married brothers, Nolan and David Coggins. Viola married a man named Cates and Pauline married Bill Freeman.

Amanda and Nolan lived at Muscle Shoals, near the Wilson Dam on the Tennessee River. We visited them there one summer when I was very small and I still remember how overwhelmed and totally awed I was by the immensity of the dam when I stood on top of it at one end and looked down.

#####

II-5) Carrie Graham married

John Witt. Their children, born late 1890s, early 1900s (chronological order not known):

III-22) Raymond

III-23) Bertie

III-24) Gordon

III-25) Gladys

III-26) Mattie

III-27) Bill

**Of this** family, which also lived some distance away from us, I knew only Bill, who was adopted and raised by Carrie's brother, Will, and his wife (see II-3 above).

#####

II-6) Jean Graham married

Millard Chapman. Their children:

III-28) Aileen (born 1918)

III-29) Mildred (born 1920)

**Jean was** one of Great-grandpa Graham's younger children and it was at her house that he spent the last years of his life. Although she was in every way a fine wife and mother, I am sure, it always seemed to me that her primary dedication was to the care of her father. Her conversational references were inevitably to "Papa" - something he ate at supper last night disagreed with him, or his new Easy Walker shoes were still too tight and needed more breaking in, and so on. His slightest whim was her command; she adored him.

There were two basic types of physique among the Graham family. Some were of moderate height, a bit stocky and inclined to plumpness, like Walt and Taylor Mama. Others - the majority - were tall and slender but with big bones and an angular look, like Will and Annie. Jean was of this latter type and she had reddish-brown

hair worn in a bun on the back of her neck. My only memory of Millard Chapman is that he was a nice-looking man with a moustache and a pleasant smile, and that he, like my father and so many of the men in the family, was a worker at the nearby cast iron pipe foundry.

My second cousins Aileen and Mildred were almost exactly my own age and we spent a fair amount of time together. Aileen had light brown hair, Mildred was a true blonde, and they were both very pretty. Aileen ultimately married a boy from the neighborhood, Raymond Hall, whom I remember slightly. His older brother, Charlie Hall, was one of my childhood role models: he was a violinist who played occasionally (and very nicely) at church, and I used to gaze upon him admiringly from a respectful distance. Aileen and Raymond have a married daughter who lives in Anaheim, California.

Mildred and I were always in the same class through elementary and junior high schools. There was an odd and delightful chemistry between the two of us: we tickled each other's funnybones. No matter where, at school or church or play, some trivial happening could send us, if we so much as glanced at each other, into paroxysms of helpless laughter. Never have I laughed so much or so hard with anyone since. Mildred married a man named Carroll Hanby and they live still in West Anniston with their family.

#####

II-7) Emmett Graham married

Annabelle Moore. Their children:

III-30) Emanuel (born ca. 1912)

III-31) Irving (born ca. 1914)

**Great-uncle Emmett** was a tall, dark, rangy man who worked at a steel plant in Birmingham. Aunt Annabelle was blonde, an ex-



ceedingly warm and outgoing person. Their sons, like them, were physical opposites - Emanuel biggish and swarthy, Irving slender and blond. Also, I remember, the brothers were inseparable: wherever you saw one, there was the other. They were a delightful family but unfortunately, except at a few family reunions, we never saw them because of the distance involved.

#####

The remaining children of Great-grandpa Graham I did not know at all. Their families lived in remote sections of the county and kept pretty much unto themselves. My information on them is second-hand and sketchy.

II-8) Sam Henry Graham married

Ruth Childress. Their children, born in the early 1900s:

III-32) Jeddie (girl)

III-33) Mary Ruth

III-34) One other child, name not known.

II-9) Stella Graham married

Jim Johnson. They had several children, exact number and names not known, three of whom were deaf mutes. The only one still living, one of the deaf mutes, is

III-35) Irene, born in the early 1900s.

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III. My Father's Generation (from 1894):

III-1) Stokely Brackston [Brack] Taylor (1894-1951) married

3-1) Ola Mae Shaw (qq. v.). Their children:

IV-1) Guy Watson (born 25 December 1919)

IV-2) Ola Louise (1922-1923)

IV-3) Stokely Fred (born 19 September 1924)

**My first** memory of my father is also the very first memory of my life. I am out in the front yard of our house. He is on the porch, in a high-backed, gray-green rocking chair. He is rocking back and forth, and crying, and moaning "Oh, my baby...Oh, my baby..." He is grieving the death of my sister, Louise, at the age of eighteen months, of acute acidosis. Our physician, Dr. Watson (after whom I was given my middle name), comes out of the house. He stops to speak to my father, then he leaves, giving me a pat on the head as he passes. I sit on the ground in the yard and watch my father cry.

This was but one of a number of tragic events in his life, which in fact reads like something of a horror story. But he had resilience and humor and a whole lot of determination and I believe that, in the end, he considered his life to have been a reasonably happy one.

One morning in the week before Christmas of 1908, when he was 14 years old, Brack found his father keeled over dead of a heart attack in an outbuilding of the tenant farm, near Riverside, Alabama, where the family lived and worked. There were six other children in the family and a seventh, sister Willie, was to be born five weeks later. In the eighth grade at the time, Brack was never to spend another day in school. As the oldest child, he had suddenly become the man of the family.

Grandpa Graham and Taylor Mama's brothers rallied around in the crisis. Uncle Walt (II-4) owned a rental property in West Anniston, a semi-industrial, semi-rural, very poor area just outside the city limits. He moved Taylor Mama's family into this house where they lived rent-free for years. With Grandpa and the uncles chipping in, and with Brack earning whatever he could by

doing odd jobs, the family subsisted.

As soon as he was of legal working age Brack got a job as a molder in a pipe foundry (brutally hard work for a teenager) and became the primary provider for the household. The other children helped with the family support as they grew older but, to a considerable degree, he carried this responsibility for about a decade, until well after his own marriage.

At a summer revival meeting at the West Anniston Baptist Church, Brack met Ola Mae Shaw. Their courtship flourished, revolving mostly around church events and Sunday afternoon group outings with friends. On Christmas Eve, 1915, they were married. On Christmas Day, 1919, I was born, giving rise, of course, to the standing family joke that what I gave my mother for Christmas that year was a big bellyache.

By the mid-20s, with the heartbreak of baby Louise's death behind them and after the birth of my brother, Stokely, things were looking up for Brack and Ola Mae. They felt confident enough to buy a couple of hillside lots on which they hired the neighborhood carpenter/contractor, Old Man Ledbetter, to build not one but two houses, the idea being that the income from renting the second house would help pay the mortgage on the entire property. With Brack's sister, Hazel, and her husband, Joe Adams, occupying the second house and their brother, Carl, coincidentally living just up the street with his family, the hillside 'Taylor compound' was a very pleasant place for a couple of years. Then disaster struck.

In an accident at the foundry, in 1929, Brack's leg was broken. At the hospital that morning the regular company doctor was occupied with another matter so he turned my father's case over to a young colleague. This young doctor unaccountably set the leg wrong, which was not discovered until the cast was removed several weeks later. It was found that the two ends of the broken bone had knitted together in an overlapped manner, not straight on.

Nowadays such a medical error would mean certain victory for



the patient in a sizable malpractice suit but at that time attitudes were different. Doctors were looked upon by the working class as holy men, minor deities, and for a foundry laborer to bring suit against a medical man was all but unthinkable. Further, the accident had occurred not while Brack was actually working but during a meal break and, again in the thinking of the time, it was feared that the company might raise some question as to its liability in the entire matter. So no legal action was taken.

My father was sent to an orthopedic surgeon in Birmingham and an operation was performed in which the bone was re-broken, correctly aligned and reinforced with a silver plate. Hopes were high but, alas, when this cast was removed an infection in the surgical wound was found, gone deep into the tissues. It was 1930, antibiotics were still far in the future, and Brack spent many months on crutches and in a leg brace before the wound slowly, painfully, finally healed. In time he was able to walk more or less normally but some impairment and a pronounced limp remained for the rest of his life.

Even more difficult than the physical recovery was the economic. It was the darkest period of the depression and jobs were not to be had even by able-bodied men. Brack's mortgages were foreclosed and the 'Taylor compound' was lost; he was never to own another house.

The foundry paid a small workman's compensation from the time of the accident until Brack was more or less back on his feet about two years later. The amount was \$7.50 per week - I remember well because it was my job to go to the foundry office late every Friday afternoon to pick up the check and take it home. As soon as he was able to move around - on crutches - well enough, Brack became the janitor of the church, at 75¢ per week. Some months later, still on crutches, he managed to wangle a weekend job in the produce department of a supermarket. (I, now 12, took over the church janitorship and this is how it was possible for me to have

violin lessons.) Still later, now in a brace and on one crutch, he took on a full-time job running a small grocery for its owner. His pay for this was \$6 per week, a dollar a day.

When the store owner went out of business a year or so later, Brack, crutches now discarded, got a job on a WPA road crew. One day, doing some heavy lifting, he got a hernia. He began wearing a truss, and did so for many years. While on this job he also worked at an A & P supermarket on weekends.

Next came a period of employment as a foundry worker again, at a different company and doing lighter work than before. On weekends he now did part-time insurance work as a door-to-door salesman/collector. He and my mother also took in boarders during this time (I was now in Birmingham as a student at the Conservatory, earning my livelihood by commuting back to Anniston one day a week to teach violin students).

Briefly, early in the war years, Brack was produce manager of the commissary at Fort McClellan. Then, finally, came a good break: he became the regional representative for a major Birmingham poultry distributor and earned, for the first time, what he called "good money". He was now able to accrue savings towards his lifetime goal - to have his own business. In 1947 he bought and began to operate the Taylor Grocery, a neighborhood store on South Noble Street in Anniston. That same year saw both of his sons married and 1948 brought the birth of his first grandchild, my brother Stokely's daughter, Cheryl (V-3). In 1950 my son, Eric (V-1), was born. Dreams were coming true all over the place.

There remained one last problem to be corrected - the hernia dating from so many years before. In 1949 Brack had surgery which, probably due to the long neglect of the condition, proved to be unsuccessful and the hernia broke through again. The operation was repeated the following year and, unbelievably, this one also failed. A few days after yet a third surgery, in 1951, Brack suffered a coronary occlusion and on May 10th he died. I had been

summoned from Springfield, Ohio, the night before (the first I had known of this particular surgery - they had wanted not to "worry" me). On arrival at the airport I had the news that he had died while I was enroute. He was not quite 57 years old.

In appearance he took after the stocky side of his family, in contrast to the long, lanky look of so many of the Graham men. He was of moderate height, had dark, wavy hair and large, exceedingly blue eyes. He wore glasses all of his life. He spoke with a strong rural Southern accent.

His life was filled with difficulties but after every setback he came out fighting. He never stayed 'down' for very long; he had his support system: He and my mother loved each other deeply throughout their marriage. He was devoted to his mother, his five sisters and two brothers. He had a wonderful sense of humor. He had many friends. He was sustained by a strong religious faith.

I cannot recall ever hearing him speak an unkind word to or about anyone. He was unable to contribute a dollar of financial aid to me after I finished high school and left home but he gave unstinting moral and emotional support which in the long run was more important. Ultimately, what I received from him that I valued the most was his blind faith that my goals were right for me, even though he had no way of really comprehending the career that I sought. In this he was far more supportive of me than my mother was.

In April, 1950, one year before his death, he and my mother came to visit with Renée and me in Ohio and were present at one of my concerts with the Springfield Symphony. Although he had seen me conduct as a student in Alabama, this was the first time he had seen me work as a professional conductor. I felt that he at last understood what it had all been about.

He knew that I loved him but he couldn't have known how much, also, I admired and appreciated him for his special qualities - I didn't know it myself until I started writing about him.

#####

III-2) Gertie Mae [Gert] Taylor (1896-1962) married

Al Blewster. Their children:

IV-4) Alvin (1915-1975)

IV-5) Warren Davis [Buddy] (1919-1942)

In the early 1920s Al Blewster, who worked at the same pipe foundry which employed my father, was stricken with tuberculosis, an often fatal disease at that time. Doctors' advice usually boiled down to: "Move to a warm, dry climate, get plenty of rest and wholesome food and hope for the best." Well, intrepid Gert loaded her invalid husband and two young sons into their open touring car and took off for the deserts, not of New Mexico or Arizona, which would have been closer, but California it had to be and California it was. After only a short time it became apparent that Al was not being helped and they made the long trek back to home base because that is where he wanted to die and she wanted to raise the children. Taylor Mama (II-1) came to live with her and the two boys after Al's death.

Gert went to work in a large grocery and general store owned by a man named Frank Moore. An efficient, energetic person, she was in time essentially running the place and I suspect Mr. Moore was the first to appreciate that fact. She, in the context of the times, prospered: she not only owned the first car in the family but was also the first, I believe, to have a telephone in her house. For the children she was a purveyor of delights, given to bringing home such treats as Eskimo Pies for her sons and whatever of their cousins or friends might be visiting at the moment. One year the Nehi soft drink company put on a promotion - for 66¢ and 66 Nehi bottle caps you could get a Nehi wrist watch, and she brought one home occasionally. At the time I had never wanted anything so much in my life but somehow my turn for one of those never came up.

What she did do for me, although unknowingly, was to set my life on its track. One day a door-to-door salesman dropped in on



her at the store. He represented the First National Institute of Violin, of South Bend, Indiana, which offered a 60-week course of violin lessons, at \$1 per week, and provided a violin, a bow and a soft leatherette carrying case which became the property of the student upon completion of the course. The lessons were in classes, once a week, with a local violin teacher.

He must have been, like Meredith Willson's "Music Man" many years later, a very good salesman, for Aunt Gert immediately signed up her younger son, Buddy, for the course. Buddy was exactly my age and we were very close. She knew that if he had the lessons I would want them, too, so she sent the salesman to see my father.

Things were very tight at our house. We were still in the economic aftermath of my father's accident, living on a small workman's compensation plus whatever part-time income he could generate. A dollar a week was something to think about. Aunt Gert, realizing this, offered help but my father declined it. Sensing how desperately I wanted the music lessons, he determined to take the financial plunge and signed me up for them. Accordingly, on August 31, 1931, I went for my first violin lesson to the studio of Aileen Pelham, the teacher who was to become a greatly beloved and influential figure in my life. My course had been charted. Aunt Gert had been the catalyst.

After some years, Frank Moore's store having gone out of business due to the rise of the chain supermarkets, Gert became bookkeeper and more or less general business manager for the largest local bakery, where she remained for the rest of her working career. Her older son, Alvin, was exempted from World War II service because of a medical problem. The younger son, Buddy, became a Marine and was killed at Guadalcanal in 1942. In 1952, her life coming around somehow full circle, Gert married her former employer, Frank Moore, who had meanwhile become a widower and who had gone into police work, achieving the rank of police chief. They had some years of apparent tranquility and contentment until Gert's death in 1962.

#####

III-3) Arthur Taylor (1898 - ca.1975) married  
Lona Houston. Their children, born in the 1920s:

- IV-6) Doris (died 1985)
- IV-7) Allie Joe (died ca. 1981)
- IV-8) Ray
- IV-9) Rogers
- IV-10) Lila Jean
- IV-11) Louise

I **remember** surprisingly little about my Uncle Arthur. Although relations were perfectly friendly, he and my parents must have had different interests because we just didn't see much of him or his wife, Lona. He was tall, dark-haired and slender and he, too, worked at the pipe foundry. He lost all his teeth at an early age and when I used to take hot lunches to my father at work I would often see Uncle Arthur going to the company commissary where he gummed down two hamburgers, a soft candy bar and a coke for his lunch. This seemed to me enviable and terribly expensive.

I last saw him at my father's funeral in 1951. He lived into his upper 70s, dying around 1975 of emphysema and heart failure.

#####

III-4) Carl Taylor (1901-1935) married  
Jessie Webb. Their children, born in the 1920s:

- IV-12) Inez
- IV-13) Evelyn
- IV-14) Dwight
- IV-15) Billy
- IV-16) Margie

**Taylor Mama** had a very special fondness for her son Carl, I am told. When they both died in the same year, 1935, - she in January, he in June - the family took some bit of consolation in the

fact that she had gone first and did not have to experience the grief of his loss. Uncle Carl was of moderately stocky build, like my father, had lightish hair and a sunny disposition and was also a foundryman.

The most interesting thing about Aunt Jessie, to me as a child, was the fact that her mother, Old Mrs. Webb, we called her, ran a little store directly across the street from our school. A prominent feature of the store was a glass-enclosed candy counter with every conceivable kind of penny candies - and some two-for-a-penny and three-for-a-penny kinds - and one of the great joys of life was to go spend a nickel there, coming out with a hefty bagful. Or, sometimes, to splurge the whole nickel on a huge Baby Ruth bar, big enough to give dibbs to a buddy and still have plenty left.

Carl and Jessie lived two houses up the street from our hillside 'Taylor compound' of the late 20s, and I played with their older children every day. His death at so young an age was a real shocker: he was rushed to surgery for an emergency appendectomy and his heart stopped under the anesthesia, all attempts at resuscitation being in vain.

#####

III-5) Violet Taylor (1903-1987) married  
Barker Curry. Their children, born late 1920s,  
early 1930s:

- IV-17) Ralph
- IV-18) Billy
- IV-19) Donald
- IV-20) Jerry
- IV-21) Ann

**Of Taylor Mama's** five daughters, Violet looked the most like her and had a similar sweet, nurturing disposition. From as far

back as I can remember she was always roly-poly whereas her husband, Barker, was always thin as a rail, so I thought of them as Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt but in reverse. They lived in a part of West Anniston known as Corning, some distance away from the rest of the Taylors, and consequently I didn't see as much of Violet as I did of my other aunts. I loved being able to visit occasionally at her house, situated next to a grove of tall pines where sometimes I would camp out overnight with my cousins Ralph and Billy and listen to the wind souging through the pine needles.

I last saw her at my mother's funeral in 1977 and, except for the whitening of her hair, she still looked exactly as I had remembered her from my childhood. She died in November of 1986, of longstanding heart trouble. She was one of those people who are so deeply, lovingly religious that one has to believe they look forward to death almost joyfully.

#####

During my eighth- and ninth-grade years we lived in a house which had a stable in the back yard. Taking advantage of this, my father bought a cow, a pretty reddish-brown Jersey named Bess, who gave copious amounts of exceedingly rich milk. It was my job to look after her, doing the feeding and stable-cleaning and also the milking, which I liked doing because I felt it strengthened my fingers for playing the violin. Every morning I walked her to a likely-looking grassy spot in some vacant lot and tied her there to graze all day, returning for her in the late afternoon.

I became very fond of Bess and it was a crushing blow when my father announced that he was having to sell her. We had fallen so far behind with our grocery bill at the nearby store that he was turning the cow in for a twenty-five dollar credit, which would square things and even put us a little ahead. It was a sad day when Bess was led away by the butcher. None of us felt like eating



beef for quite a while after that.

Next, my father bought a pig for us to raise, and it was due to the pig that Aunt Annie Kettle and I became great friends.

III-6) Annie Taylor (1904-1986) married

Carl Kettle. Their children, born in the 1920s:

IV-22) Frances (died 1985)

IV-23) Joyce

IV-24) Violet

**To avoid** confusion with Great-aunt Annie Taylor (II-2), I will refer to Aunt Annie Kettle as 'Annie K'. Her house was about a quarter of a mile from where we lived when we were raising the pig. Pigs were fed a wheat by-product called 'shorts' plus everything you could get together in the way of food scraps and kitchen garbage. The more you fed, of course, the more meat you ultimately got. Sometimes friends or neighbors would contribute their edible garbage in return for an agreed-upon portion of the meat at butchering time. We had such an arrangement with Aunt Annie K. Thus it was that every afternoon, carrying a pail, I called at her house, always spending a little while 'visiting' and in time developing a warm relationship with Annie K and her daughters. She was a straightforward, down-to-earth, no-nonsense person but with plenty of humor and I genuinely liked her.

Her husband, Carl, was a jack-of-all-trades type who owned a truck and made a living as a mover and hauler. He was the only man in the family who had served in the Army during World War I (my father had been exempted from service as the main support of a large family and my other Uncles had been too young) and this gave him a special distinction. I remember that he hauled our Boy Scout troop to a week's camp one summer and also served as the camp cook. He made a thick, grey gruel which he called "army slum" and it was horrible. We talked about it with shudders for months afterwards.

In the mid-20s, lured by the hope of better-paying jobs and

the prospect of life in a beautiful climate, Carl moved his family to the south of Florida. Unfortunately the better jobs didn't materialize and, as for the climate, they were very nearly blown away by the historic Florida hurricane of 1927. So back to home base they came, with tales of the journey and the hurricane and life in Florida which would regale family gatherings for months to come.

Annie K was part of an important event in my life. As the time approached for me to go to high school I was in a quandary. Living outside the city limits, as we did, I was supposed to be bussed to the county high school located about 10 miles away in the tiny little town of Oxford. But I had begun to attract some attention as a violinist and I knew that in order to move forward musically I had to make my mark in the city - I couldn't hope to do it from out in the boondocks. This made it necessary, absolutely, that I attend the city high school. Financially there was not a chance that we could move within the city limits for this purpose. I was in total despair.

It was my father who came up with the solution: Annie K, as it happened, lived in a house located just yards inside the city line and he proposed that I register as a student at the city high school giving her address as my address. Annie K not only agreed to this but offered to cooperate in any possible way, such as swearing on a stack of Bibles, if it should become necessary, that I lived in her house. And so it was done. With Annie K's collusion I illegally entered Anniston High School. I was on my way.

Annie K died on July 1, 1986, at the age of 81. The four sisters - Violet, Annie, Hazel (III-7) and Willie (III-8) - had regularly enjoyed what they called "sister days", when they would all meet for lunch and then spend the afternoon together. On this day, Willie was to drive by for Annie K, who sat in a chair at a front window of her house, waiting. She apparently nodded off and then just never woke up. It was, of course, quite a shock for Willie when she arrived but it was, it seems to me, a rather nice way to go.

#####

III-7) Hazel Elizabeth Taylor (born 1906) married  
Joe Adams. Their child:

IV-25) Alfred (born 1929)

**Hazel was** the closest of all my aunts, literally. During the years of the 'Taylor compound' (1927-30) she and Joe lived next door to us in the second of the two houses my father had had built. Following the foundry accident in 1929 he and my mother and brother went to live with my maternal grandmother in the nearby town of Oxford during his convalescence. Hazel and Joe took me in to live with them during those several weeks so that my schooling would not be interrupted.

After my father lost the houses, Hazel and Joe moved to a place some distance away where, late one night, a dramatic event took place. They were awakened by the sound of someone trying to break down their front door. While Hazel and the baby clung to each other in a back room (there was no telephone), Joe took down his hunting rifle, a double-barreled shotgun, and went to the front of the house.

As the intruder continued kicking and throwing himself against the door, Joe called out, "I have a gun. You get out of here or I will use it." It had no effect. Joe called out again and again. Finally, when it seemed the door was at last giving way, Joe aimed through it and pulled both triggers. The intruder was instantly killed.

It turned out to be a tragic case: a totally drunken man, who lived a few houses away on the same street, had been trying to break into what he thought was his own house, apparently believing he had been locked out. No charges were brought against Joe, investigating officials declaring it a clear case of self-defense.

Hazel and Joe were again our next door neighbors during the years 1932-34 - my junior high school years, the time of the cow and the pig. Still again, many years later during the 60s and 70s, they were near neighbors of my mother following her second widowhood.

Joe, a foundry worker and a quiet, congenial man, died of lymph cancer in 1980. Hazel was and is an extremely handsome woman, an almost non-stop talker and a very warm, giving person. I saw her most recently in September of 1986, when she filled me in with a great deal of the family information contained in this history.

#####

III-8) Willie Lee Taylor (born 1909) married William Robert Cambron. Their children, born in the late 1920s, early 1930s:

IV-26) Robert Earl

IV-27) Charles Adams

IV-28) William Taylor (Billy)

**The youngest** of my aunts, Willie is only eleven years older than I am and always seemed to me to be actually more of my generation than her own. She was born on January 24, 1909, five weeks after her father had died. The 'baby' of the family, she was the cute one, the pretty one, but what I remember most is her wonderful, droll sense of humor. Even at my mother's wake, in 1977, she had me chuckling and giggling despite the sadness and solemnity of the occasion.

Marrying early, at sixteen, she brought into the family a major role model of my childhood. Uncle Robert didn't go off to a plant or foundry every morning wearing work overalls, like all the other men in the family - he went off to an office wearing a suit and a tie. At day's end he came home looking not much the worse for wear, whereas the other men dragged home sweaty, dirty and "white-eyed" (as my father expressed it) from exhaustion. Further, Robert was paid more - a lot more - than they were. As my mother explained it to me, "Your Uncle Robert makes a living using his brain, not his brawn." It certainly was food for thought for a youngster.



He worked in the offices of the Monsanto Chemical Company's Anniston branch. These were located on the top floor of the town's one and only (to this day) "skyscraper", soaring to a giddy height of 10 stories, adding still more glamor to Uncle Robert's image.

I vividly recall a certain Sunday afternoon in the early 1930s: Uncle Robert, needing to do a bit of work at the office, filled his car with his son, Earl (IV-26), my brother, Stokely (IV-3), my cousin, Buddy (IV-5) and myself and took us along with him. What an excitement it was to help Uncle Robert operate the elevator, the regular operator being off on Sunday, (this was before the time of the first push-button automatic elevators) and to step out on the tenth floor! While he worked at his desk we explored the entire floor, looking out in all four directions, acquiring a new perspective not only upon our town but also - it seemed to me - upon life itself.

It was during this same time period that my father told us at supper one evening, "Robert has bought a radio. Tonight we will go over and see it."

We found Willie's and Robert's living room filled to overflowing with aunts, uncles and cousins, all gazing transfixed at a weird-looking machine in front of which Uncle Robert sat. It was a box-like affair, covered with the most complicated-looking dials, knobs and handles that I had ever seen, and out from the top of it there projected a sort of a curved megaphone, which was the loud-speaker. A tangle of wires led to an array of batteries on a lower shelf of the table upon which the radio sat.

From time to time, as Uncle Robert manipulated the controls, there would be blasts of static, squeals, shrieks, pops and then a snatch of music - "That was Atlanta!" he would say - or a few words of comprehensible speech - "That's Nashville!" - as an awe-stricken murmur swept round the room. That was my first experience with radio.

Still other expansions of my childhood horizons were brought

about by Uncle Robert. He was co-founder and Scoutmaster of our neighborhood Boy Scout troop. Although it was no easy task in those depression years, he saw to it that our Troop 6 had a week of outdoor camp each summer, and that we attended "jamborees" and conferences where we mingled with boys from other parts of the county and state.

On one occasion there was a radio program, put on at the local station by Boy Scouts selected from the entire county. I was asked to read a piece I had written, while working towards a merit badge, on the ancient mariners' compass. I stood in front of the microphone with my knees literally knocking together, so stricken with stage fright that when I opened my mouth to speak only a hoarse whisper came out. After several seconds of dead air time, with Uncle Robert looking increasingly nervous, I finally found my voice and managed to get the piece read. Afterwards I remember feeling very, very set up at having been on the radio.

Willie and Robert were the first of the family to move to "town", i.e., from our semi-rural West Anniston community into the city proper. My own family followed suit a few months later - a big step, financially, for us. My father was then running Old Lady Alexander's grocery store for her, in town. I was a sophomore at Anniston High School and had begun assisting my violin teacher with her beginners' classes, for which I got my own lessons free plus a tiny amount of pocket money. Also, through the influence of a musical friend, I had got a job at one of the big downtown churches - I served as the church janitor and played the violin at Sunday services. For this I was paid \$15 per month. It was enough to make the move possible.

Events were to flow swiftly now towards the time when I would move away from my family roots. The next year, 1936, saw my beloved, aging violin teacher, Mrs. Pelham, beginning to phase out of her teaching schedule. Within a few months she had turned her entire class over to me. I was able, most joyfully, to give up my

church janitoring. During that same year I began to commute to Birmingham for occasional lessons with Ottokar Cadek, a distinguished violinist and teacher recently settled in the South, who was to become another major figure in my life. 1937 saw my graduation from high school and my permanent move to Birmingham to be a full-time student at the Birmingham Conservatory of Music, where Cadek taught.

From that point to the present my opportunities to see Alabama family, other than my parents and brother, have been few: an occasional violin recital or orchestral concert (I was a member of the Birmingham Symphony and later conducted the Birmingham National Youth Administration Orchestra) during the Conservatory years; a few furlough visits during the war; a violin recital in Anniston in 1948, accompanied by my new bride (it was Renée's first visit to the South - she loathed it but was won over by our residency in Nashville a few years later); my father's funeral in 1951; my mother's in 1977; a drop-in visit with Willie and Robert and Hazel in September of 1986.

Uncle Robert and Aunt Willie still live on that same street to which they moved more than half a century ago. Robert retired in 1972 after 50 years with the Monsanto Company, having held the position of company paymaster for many of those years. Aunt Hazel lives just a few blocks away and they spend a good deal of time together. Their sons, grandchildren and great-grandchildren all live within a reasonable driving distance. Aside from experiencing some of the medical problems inevitable with encroaching age, they live in apparent contentment, these very special people - the last of their generation.

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#### IV. My Generation and Descendants:

Arriving now at current generations, I will use a more straightforward format, listing immediate-family groups with their descendants and **their** descendants, rather than continuing to separate the generations.

I list my own immediate family in order to indicate its place in the genealogical succession, but without historical comment, since this is written for them rather than about them.

IV-1) Guy Watson Taylor (born 1919) married

D-24) Sylvia Renée Lifton (qq. v.). Children:

V-1) Eric Anthony (born 23 October 1950).

Married Irene Tognazzini. No children. Divorced.

Married Carol Nathe Ulm. Children:

VI-1) John Bernard Ulm (born 26 November 1976). Carol's child by previous marriage, legally adopted by Eric in 1983.

VI-2) Megan Lindsey (born 16 July 1982)

V-2) Ellen Jane (born 26 November 1954). Married Kenji Yokoyama. Divorced. Married Thomas Killin Dalglish. Their child:

VI-3) Hannah Taylor Dalglish (born 1993)

Thomas has two sons by previous marriage:

VI-4) Pablo Januario Silva Dalglish (born 1977)

VI-5) Gabriel Camilo Silva Dalglish (born 1980), both now living in Brazil with their mother.

IV-2) Ola Louise Taylor (1922-1923)



IV-3) Stokely Fred Taylor (born 19 September 1924) married Mary Farrow. Their child:

V-3) Cheryl Renée (born 10 December 1948).

Married Jerry Powell. Their children:

VI-6) Mark Taylor Powell (born 6 November 1968)

VI-7) Christopher Todd Powell (born 27 June 1970)

Divorced Jerry Powell.

Married Warren Overton.

**My father's** and brother's name, Stokely, came from "somewhere back in the family", I was told, and that is all I could ever find out about it, apart from its obviously British origin. While my father was always called "Brack", from his second name, Brackston, my brother is called "Stoke". Although there is the Stoke-ly's canning company, and there was Stokely Carmichael before he changed his name to Kwame Toure, I do not know of another use of "Stoke" or "Stokely" as a given name. Surely this is an oversight on the part of Hollywood. Among the Rocks and Rips and Tabs there has to be a place for a Stoke. It's bound to come.

Nearly five years my junior, Stoke was my parents' delight, a sweet, warm, lovable child. While I, from my earliest teens, turned my thoughts and goals outward and away from home in order to get the musical training I knew I had to have, Stoke was supremely content with where he was and what he had.

While in high school he got a part-time job at a small neighborhood grocery just across the street from our house. This was prophetic, for he was to spend the greater part of his working life in food service. In 1943, just two credits short of high school graduation, he was drafted into the Army. He was assigned to cooks' and bakers' training and shipped to Ceylon (now Sri Lanka), where he was stationed for the remainder of the war.

Out of the service in 1946, he moved back with our parents,

finished high school during the summer term and began commuting to classes at the nearby State Teachers College in Jacksonville. This didn't work out - like so many other war veterans he felt overage and restless back in the classroom and, besides, he had fallen in love with a very pretty, very sweet girl named Mary Farrow. They were married in 1947 (the same year that I, in New York, married Renée). Stoke worked in a grocery store and they lived with our parents for a few years before buying their own house.

In 1948 their daughter Cheryl Renée (named after my Renée) was born. She grew up a beautiful child with reddish-golden hair and green eyes and a scattering of freckles. Everything was coming up roses until a terrible realization began to dawn - Mary was becoming a cripple.

There had been a roller-skating accident, a hard fall on the sidewalk which had injured a hip, during her childhood. In due time the injury had seemed to be healed and no more thought was given to it. But the weight of carrying a child to term had exacerbated the old injury and it was found that Mary's hip socket had begun to deteriorate. In 1949 she underwent a hip socket replacement surgery. What is now a commonplace procedure with a very high success rate was then relatively new and risky and, alas, Mary's case came out on the wrong side of the statistics: there was only partial success. She was never to walk again without the aid of a crutch or cane.

During the 1950s, while I was conductor of the Nashville Symphony, my children and my brother's child visited each other for the only times in their lives thus far. Eric and I went to Alabama for a visit in the fall of 1954 - Renée, being extremely pregnant, didn't make that trip. In January of 1955 Stoke brought his family to Nashville to see us, our family now including Ellen. And there were other visits, including one from them in 1959 just before we moved to Arizona and the Phoenix Symphony.

As the years went by Stoke had a job in insurance for a

time, then bought into a motor home agency which unfortunately failed, whereupon he returned to the grocery business. Mary worked for a number of years in the office of a finance company, eventually holding a position of considerable responsibility. Cheryl Renée (who had come to be called Cheri, pronounced Sherry) made an early marriage to Jerry Powell, a medical technician at the local hospital, and had two sons, Mark and Christopher.

In the 1970s I began getting disturbing reports from my mother (who was living in Anniston again following her second widowhood): Mary was experiencing renewed trouble from her old hip injury, had retired from her job, was withdrawing more and more into solitude and depression and had become extremely overweight. Stoke had developed a serious drinking problem. By 1977, the year of Mother's death, he had the drinking problem pretty well under control but Mary had become an almost total recluse. I had occasion to witness this personally when I stayed at their house at the time of Mother's funeral. Not once did Mary come out of her room to see me, or any of the relatives and friends who called during those days, nor would she permit any of us to step into her room to see her. She would leave her room, I was told, only to forage for food in the kitchen (usually during Stoke's absence - he, of course, did all the shopping) and she would see Cheri and the grandsons for occasional brief visits. Otherwise, her withdrawal from the life they had had together was apparently complete.

There came the day when, as part of a separation agreement, Stoke signed over to her the house and all household possessions and savings, then simply left. For some years he had been commuting daily from Anniston to Birmingham, where he managed the meat department of a supermarket. Now he took a bachelor apartment near his work.

Cheri, meanwhile, had divorced Jerry Powell and married Warren Overton, a civil engineer employed by the city of Birmingham. This marriage worked. Warren proved to be a fine father to

the two boys, who are both now in college. Warren has held positions in Savannah, Georgia, and in Houston, Texas, where they now live. Cheri is a grade school teacher. Both she and Warren, by the way, earned their college degrees after they were married. I had occasion to visit in their home in Birmingham in 1986, finding it an obviously very happy one.

Stoke lives quietly and simply, in retirement at Hueytown, Alabama, the same community where our mother's sister, Ellen (3-2), lives. He bears a striking resemblance to our father: he is taller, otherwise it is almost like a reincarnation. He is devoted to Cheri and the grandsons, sees them only rarely but they keep in touch. He has the companionship of a friend of long standing, Sarah Shields. I saw him most recently in 1986. He seemed to be in a fairly good phase of his life, and reasonably content.

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#### My 25 First Cousins

The children of Aunt Gert (III-2) and Uncle Al Blewster:

IV-4) Alvin (1915-1975)

IV-5) Warren Davis [Buddy] (1919-1942)

**Neither Warren** nor Davis really worked out for him as a given name so he became "Buddy", which is all he was ever called. He was by far the closest companion of my childhood years. We were born within three months of each other, lived in close proximity until high school age and there was complete synchronicity of childhood experience. His brother was four years older, mine nearly five years younger, so in some ways we were closer to each other than to our respective brothers.

There were sibling-like rivalries aplenty. He was a born athlete, a whiz on the playground, the captain of every team. I was a complete klutz at games, always the last to be chosen when



teams were put together. With straight blond hair, freckles, big blue eyes and a grin that could light up a room, he was a totally extroverted charmer, a beguiler. I was the serious one, the quiet one, the hard worker. On the other hand, I was always at or near the top of the class scholastically while he brought in marks that were barely average. And when it came to music lessons, I found my wings and soared and he was the klutz. So it all balanced out. We bore each other grudging respect but, when the chips were down, we were there for each other.

After we went off to different high schools, I to the city, he to the county, we saw each other only rarely. During my years at the Birmingham Conservatory he was moving into professional baseball, playing semi-pro in and around Anniston and Gadsden, a neighboring city. Later, using the name Buddy Blue, he was under contract to a farm club operated by one of the majors - the Pittsburgh Pirates, to the best of my memory, although I cannot find corroboration of this - and a professional athletic career seemed to be on the way.

When the war came, Buddy enlisted in the Marines. In the assault on Guadalcanal, in 1942, he was killed. A diary was found among his personal effects, shipped to Aunt Gert after his death. Here are some of the final entries:

"August 7th, 1942 (Friday) Weather was mild and the sea was calm.

Landed at ten o'clock on Guadalcanal Island today. Not a shot was fired during landing. Every now and then we heard a few shots. Went inland through jungle till too dark to travel. That night everyone went on a shooting spree. One man shot.

"August 8, 1942 (Saturday) Weather same as yesterday.

Going inland today to cut Japs off from the mountains. They are running like scared rabbits. Jap bombers attacked our ships out in bay. Sank the U.S.S. Elliott but we shot 27 of them. These

Japs are really moving fast. 250 of them landed by parachute on Red Beach but the 5th Marines made short work of them.

"August 9, 1942 (Sunday) Weather was very hot today but rained thru the night.

It is hard going up these mountains covered with jungle. Our water is running low and we are all very thirsty. Going back to the beach near Lunga Point. They are expecting the Japs to attempt a landing. They are going to get a warm reception if they do come. These Marines are really rugged.

"August 10, 1942 (Monday) Hot weather in jungles.

We came back to the beach last night and set up a defense. No sign of a Jap attack. 20 Jap bombers flew over this afternoon, saw smoke on horizon. They must have attacked a convoy. 5 fighter planes flew over today. They must have been taking pictures as they were flying at about 100 ft. altitude. They were here and gone before anyone could fire a shot. We raided a Jap village for supplies and got lots of beer, wine and canned foods.

"August 11, 1942 (Tuesday) Tide coming in on the beach was rough and a very hot day.

Last night they attacked our rear. There were quite a few skirmishes. I couldn't see much last night as it was so dark. They could have been upon us before we could have seen them. We still would have given them hell. Three guards were shot at the air fields by snipers. There are not many left now as we have quite a few prisoners on hand. Our food supply is low and our supply ship was sunk they say. Water is lousy but we must drink it. A coca cola sure would taste good." [End of diary.]

**Buddy's older** brother, Alvin, always seemed a distant, very 'senior' figure to me, but extremely useful. He was old enough to

pass on to us, with authority, answers to the burning questions of childhood - about Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, the tooth fairy, sex, where babies really come from, where to find and how to smoke rabbit tobacco, and much other valuable information - and did so gladly, putting us far ahead of our age peers. For a long time we knew a lot more than we were able to do much about.

Athletic, tall, reasonably good-looking, Alvin, after high school, went to work as an electrician at the Monsanto plant, where he remained employed for the rest of his life. He was married, very young, to a somewhat older woman with a son by a previous marriage, raising some familial eyebrows. The wife, Magdalene, however, fitted nicely into the family and came to be well-liked. Alvin was exempted from war service because of an old knee injury received in high school football, an injury which was to contribute indirectly, years later, to his death. The marriage to Magdalene ended ultimately in divorce and he then married Helen Drummond, with whom he had a daughter, Elizabeth, born circa 1966.

Alvin died quite unexpectedly of an embolism following knee surgery - relating to the old football injury - in 1975. Elizabeth, a college student, and her mother live in the Anniston suburb of Golden Springs.

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[It has been many years since I have seen or been in touch with most of the remaining Taylor cousins. The information on them which follows - some of it quite sketchy - was provided by my aunts, Hazel and Willie, and by my brother, Stoke. We all acknowledge that there are probably some errors, especially of dates, and, if so, apologize for them. Because information on the descendants of some of these cousins is so scanty, I will not attempt to apply the indexing system but will simply list them. The short quotes here and there indicate exact words of my informants.



All of the cousins were born during the 1920s or early 1930s and, except where specified otherwise, can be assumed to have remained in the vicinity of Anniston.]

The children of Uncle Arthur Taylor (III-3) and Aunt Lona:

IV-6) Doris. The oldest of our girl cousins and the one Buddy and I spent the most time with as children, poor Doris had a life filled with tragedy. She was married twice. The first husband was killed in an accident. After the second marriage she was seriously crippled in an automobile crash. Then she was widowed again. She had "3 or 4" children and, a wheel chair invalid, was living with one of her daughters when she died in 1985.

IV-7) Allie Joe. Worked at a government job in Huntsville, Alabama. Had a son and a daughter. The son was killed in a car crash and the grief from this tragedy is said to have put Allie Joe into a state of poor health for years. He died of a heart attack in 1981.

IV-8) Ray. "Works at M & H Valve Company on the Old Bankhead Highway. Has 3 children."

IV-9) Rogers. "Lives in Owensboro, Kentucky, is married and has two sons. He works in insurance."

IV-10) Lila Jean. "Lives in Atlanta, is married to Aaron Cole."

IV-11) Louise. "Lives in Pensacola, Florida."

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The children of Uncle Carl Taylor (III-4) and Aunt Jessie:

IV-12) Inez. Was a school teacher. Married, with two children. Died of cancer some years ago, date not known.

IV-13) Evelyn. Married, and divorced, Jack Cates (a neighbor and playmate of mine during the 'Taylor compound' years, the late 20s). Then married "a man named Cartee. Has two or three

children."

IV-14) Dwight. "Was killed years ago in a car accident", date not known.

IV-15) Billy. Died of cancer in 1986.

IV-16) Margie. "Married a man named Williams."

#####

The children of Aunt Violet (III-5) and Uncle Barker Curry:

IV-17) Ralph. Three or four years my junior, Ralph, his brother, Billy, and I spent a fair amount of time together as children. During one school year Ralph ate lunch (we called it "dinner" then) at our house every day, since his family lived far away from the school and we lived close to it. After World War II Ralph and I discovered that our respective infantry divisions had been in the same vicinity near Bastogne, Belgium, during the famous Battle of the Bulge, without our knowing it (not that we could have paid any cousinly calls if we had known). I last saw him at my mother's funeral in 1977 and was struck by how well he had retained his youthfulness and his movie-star good looks. He lived in Mobile, Alabama, and had three daughters. I do not know what his work was. After a long illness with spine cancer he died in 1987.

IV-18, -19, -20) Billy, Donald, Jerry. All are married, number of children not known. Billy has an auto parts business. Donald has recently retired from the Monsanto Chemical Company plant. Jerry is in the postal service, recently changed from being a mail carrier to an interior job at the post office.

IV-21) Ann. "Has been married twice, lives in Mobile."

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The children of Aunt Annie K (III-6) and Uncle Carl Kettle:

IV-22) Frances. Married her childhood sweetheart, Kenneth Adams, who turned out to be a roughneck type and occupies a black page in the family annals: he took part in some of the notorious Alabama racist incidents of the 1960s. There were three children. A daughter, Eve, was deformed - born without hands or arms. Her story is extraordinary and has attracted considerable media attention. She learned to use her legs and feet to take the place of arms and hands and lives a remarkably 'normal' life, is married, drives a car, works in an office (typing, etc.) at the Anniston Army Ordnance Depot. Frances died circa 1985 of a heart condition.

IV-23, -24) Joyce, Violet. These sisters married brothers named McCoy. "Joyce and her husband have no children and live in the Los Angeles area. Violet, whose husband's name is Harry, had one child, which died."

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The child of Aunt Hazel (III-7) and Uncle Joe Adams (no relation to Kenneth Adams, above, husband of Frances [IV-22]):

IV-25) Alfred. Born in 1929 while Hazel and Joe lived next door to us in the 'Taylor compound' and I used to baby-sit him sometimes. He lives in Cleveland, Tennessee, where he works "as a supervisor in a manufacturing plant which does work for the government." He married

Margaret Kaul, a Bronx, New York, native. She works at a Duracell battery factory. Their children (all except one living in Cleveland, TN):

Wayne, married

Ruth (maiden name "not recalled"). Their children:

Jennifer (born 1976)

Christabeth (born 1983)

Marie, married

Tom (last name "not recalled"). No children.

They live in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Denise, married

Steve Johnson. Their children:

Shannon

Josh

Eddie, married

Crystal (maiden name "not recalled"). No children.

#####

The children of Aunt Willie (III-8) and Uncle Robert Cambron:

IV-26) Robert Earl. The same age as my brother Stoke, and they were very close companions as children. His career is in insurance. I saw him for the first time in many years on the occasion of my mother's funeral in 1977. I had remembered him as an affable, courteous, serious-minded child and found that he had brought those same qualities into his maturity. He married

Virginia Fuqua. Their child:

Robert Earl, Jr., is a stock broker and lives in Atlanta. He is not married.

IV-27) Charles. Lives in Anniston's neighboring city, Gadsden, where he has a box salvage business and also does some work in insurance. He married

Jean Johnston. Their children:

Elizabeth, married

Wayne Hill. Their children:

Joshua

Emily (born 1985). Had a club-foot type of deformity and has undergone several corrective surgeries. She can now walk and it is expected that one more operation at age four or

five will bring her to full normalcy.

Nancy. She is a practicing Registered Nurse in the city of Gadsden and is not married.

IV-28) William Taylor (Billy). Following in his father's footsteps, he is an accountant at the Monsanto Chemical Company. He has been married three times. With his first wife,

Jane Bell, he had two children:

Deborah, who married

Gregory Thrower. They live in Mobile, Alabama and have a son:

Barry Wayne, an all-A's high school student.

and

William Taylor, Jr.

Billy's second wife was Melba White.

Holding the family record for multiple marriages but declaring that he got it right this time, he now lives with his third wife, the former Shirley Phillips, in Saks, Alabama, a suburb of Anniston.

## CHAPTER II

## THE SHAW AND McMICHAEL FAMILIES

## The Locale

Monticello, Georgia, is the earliest known family seat of both the Shaws and the McMichaels. It is a small farming community located approximately 65 miles southeast of Atlanta, in Jasper County. Early moves by my mother's family brought them first to Brighton, Alabama (near Bessemer), then to Coldwater, Alabama (near Anniston) and ultimately into Anniston. Later moves took family members to Oxford and the Birmingham/Bessemer area in Alabama, to Brook, Georgia, and ultimately to Texas, Tennessee, Florida, California and Washington State.

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There exists a tintype photograph of (my) Great-great Grandfather Tomlinson in military (presumably Civil War) uniform. This would place his birthdate at around 1820 and is the earliest known record of an ancestor in this family.

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1. My Great-grandparents' Generation (from circa 1840):

- 1-1) Sebron Lawrence McMichael married  
Mary Ellen Tomlinson. Their children, born in the  
1860s and 1870s:
  - 2-1) James
  - 2-2) John
  - 2-3) Mitchell ("Mitch")



2-4) Chafin ("Chafe")

2-5) Mary Virginia

2-6) Pearl

Of these, I have information on only two, Mary Virginia (my grandmother) and Pearl.

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## 2. My Grandparents' Generation (from circa 1870):

2-5) Mary Virginia McMichael (died 1933) married

2-7) Charles Shaw (died 1900). Their children:

3-1) Ola Mae (1898-1977) [My mother]

3-2) Ellen Sabrina (born 1899)

After the death of Charles Shaw, Mary Virginia married Miles Bedford. Their children, born in the period from ca. 1905 to 1917:

3-3) John Lawrence ("J. L.")

3-4) Otis

3-5) Valerie

3-6) Edna

3-7) Durward

**I remember**, when I was 13 years old, standing and looking down at my Grandmother Bedford's body in her coffin and marveling at how tiny and defenseless it seemed. For she had been a dynamo of energy, in my view a very large and forceful person. Reconciling that memory with the fragile form now before me was hard to do.

I will be incorporating details of her early life into the biography of my mother, a few pages ahead. Here I will confine myself to some personal memories and impressions.

She lived some distance away from us throughout my childhood and I did not see nearly as much of her as I did of my other grand-

mother, Taylor Mama (II-1). I remember Grandmother Bedford (which is what we always called her, never "Grandma" or "Granny" or any pet name) in two locations: on a back-country farm in the general vicinity of Talladega, Alabama (now famous for its auto race track), and, later, in the small town of Oxford, Alabama, where she lived for the last few years of her life.

There was a certain pioneer quality about her, an earth-mother aura. To serve and to please those she cared about seemed to be the primary dedication of her life.

Here are some things I remember:

- Her straight, tightly pulled back brown-gray hair.
- Her old-fashioned round eye glasses - true 'granny' glasses. I was with her once when she picked out a new pair on a Saturday night at a Kress' dime store. She had brought her Bible along to use as reading material and she tried out every pair in the place before making her final choice.
- Seeing her literally running back and forth from the kitchen stove to the long dining table where her large family ate, bearing big platters of food. She would tolerate no helpers - they just got in her way.
- That she used snuff. Mr. Bedford (that's how we referred to him at home, although when in his presence my brother and I called him "Granddaddy") chewed plug tobacco. These habits were pretty much the norm for their generation.
- That when she had a headache she would go to the switchbox where electricity was brought into the house and grasp one blade of the main switch, claiming that she got a vibration of current which took away the pain.
- That she was a very warm, loving grandma. For that matter, Mr. Bedford was a perfectly nice grandpa to my brother and me, although our mother had unhappy early memories of her step-father and never cared for him.
- A summertime visit at the back-country farm when I

was eight or nine. Her youngest son, my step-uncle Durward, was only three years older than I. One day the two of us were playing out in the woods, along a creek, with several other boys from neighboring farms. We were skittering flat rocks across the surface of the water and having, I thought, a lot of fun. Suddenly the biggest, meanest, toughest boy held up his hand for silence. "Who's that talkin' proper?" he wanted to know. "I heard somebody talkin' real proper!" All eyes turned accusingly to me, the outsider, the visiting town softy (Durward of course, understandably, pretending that he didn't even know me). Mercifully, some instinct for self-preservation came to my rescue. Completely spontaneously I came out with "Hey! Whut're y'all lookin' at me fer? Ah wudn't talkin' no proper! Shee-yit!" Then, by some further miracle, I managed an entirely passable expectoration through my front teeth. It sufficed, barely. The tension eased, the potential crisis was averted, although occasional suspicious glances continued to be cast in my direction for the rest of the afternoon.

- In 1929, after my father's serious injury at work, Grandmother Bedford would have it no other way but that when he left the hospital he was to be taken to her house (now in Oxford) to be cared for during the long convalescence. So my parents and brother, who was not yet of school age, lived there for some months, bringing a considerable additional workload into her household. It was a godsend solution to a major problem, as my mother was at this point in very frail health. (I, in order not to miss out at school, was sent to stay at Aunt Gert's (III-2) with my cousins, Buddy and Alvin.)

Grandmother Bedford died in her early sixties of, it was said, a kidney disease. Actually, I think she was just worn out. I never knew a harder working, more giving person.

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- 2-6) Pearl McMichael, my grandmother's sister, married Frank Bennett. Their children, born in the early 1900s:

- 3-8) Daisy
- 3-9) Clarence
- 3-10) Cecil
- 3-11) William
- 3-12) Lawrence
- 3-13) Clay
- 3-14) Earl

The Bennetts lived in the Birmingham/Bessemer area. Of the children, my mother's first cousins, nothing is now known except that the youngest, Earl, at last report, lives in Sylvan Gardens, a suburb of Birmingham.

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### 3. My Mother's Generation (from 1898):

- 3-1) Ola Mae Shaw (1898-1977) married
- III-1) Brack Taylor (1894-1951). Their children:
  - IV-1) Guy Watson (born 1919)
  - IV-2) Ola Louise (1922-1923)
  - IV-3) Stokely Fred (born 1924)

**To this** day, a dozen years after her death, I can still hear the delighted little trill in her voice when my mother answered her phone and found that I was calling. I had lived hundreds of miles away from her ever since growing up and leaving home and the phone was just about our only contact. "Oh, Guy!" she would exclaim. (Only, often as not it would come out "Oh, S-Guy!" because my brother's name is Stokely and she would almost invariably elide our names together like that in moments of surprise or

excitement, calling me "S-Guy" and him "Ga-Stoke".) And there would be such sweetness in the sound, as there was in the person.

But there was steel there, too.

Ola Mae had known little happiness as a child. Born on a farm near Monticello, Georgia, she was barely two years old when her father died, suddenly and at a tragically young age. Her mother, Mary Virginia (2-5), took Ola Mae and her infant sister, Ellen (3-2), to live with Mary Virginia's parents, the McMichaels (1-1), at Brighton, Alabama - a little community near the town of Bessemer.

After two or three years another living arrangement was worked out - Mary Virginia and the girls went to live with an Uncle at Coldwater, Alabama. He had a sizable farm and a big Colonial house with white columns and he installed his niece and her daughters in some rooms on the second floor. Mary Virginia earned their keep by helping out with the farm work and Ola Mae and Ellen went to Coldwater School. It was a happy time in their young lives, the happiest they would know as children.

In 1909 Mary Virginia was remarried, to a man named Miles Bedford. They moved to a rural area just outside Anniston, Alabama, known as Corning, where Bedford worked a tenant farm. Now the sisters were separated. Ola Mae, at 11, was considered old enough to be of help on the farm and was taken along but Ellen, not yet big enough to earn her keep, was sent back to Brighton to live with Grandpa and Grandma McMichael. It was two years before Ellen, now grown bigger and stronger, was reunited with her mother and sister. In between farm chores and helping to care for the half-siblings now coming along at a rapid clip, the girls went to school on a catch-as-catch-can basis. They were able to get to about the eighth grade before being obliged to stop.

When they were 13 or 14 (child labor laws were very relaxed in those days), Ola Mae and Ellen were sent to work full time at a cotton textile mill. Their earnings went towards the family sup-



port, except for tiny pocket allowances. They had no affection for "Mr. Bedford", which is all they ever called their stepfather. It was a hard life. The only possible escape was marriage, which they looked forward to and longed for with all their hearts.

A chief social activity - in fact the only one, besides church - was "walking out" with friends on Sunday afternoons. Ellen said to me recently, "There was no television, remember, no movies, not even radio. All we had were each other and those Sunday afternoon walks, and we had such good times! Oh, how we laughed!"

Ola Mae met her husband-to-be, Brack Taylor (III-1), during a revival meeting at the West Anniston Baptist Church. Their courtship flourished at the Sunday afternoon walkouts where, also, Ellen met Dell Howell, her future husband. Both sisters were married in the same year, 1916, Ellen aged 16, Ola Mae 18.

Although Brack and Ola Mae were very happy romantically, the first years of their marriage were difficult ones. As the oldest son, Brack was still heavily obligated to the support of his seven fatherless siblings and his mother. The newlywed couple lived in a three-room company house on the grounds of the pipe foundry where Brack worked and it took them a long time to get even so tiny a place furnished and livable. It was frustrating for the young bride. "Every time I was about to buy something and thought I had the necessary money together, it had to be put off because one of the sisters needed a new dress or a new pair of shoes, or someone got sick and there was a doctor bill to pay," she would say in later years. "Sometimes I got so frustrated I didn't know what to do!" (Frustrated: one of my mother's own word coinages, combining - quite expressively, I always thought - 'flustered' and 'frustrated'.)

But the frustration was gradually relieved as Brack's brothers and sisters got older and became more and more self-supporting. By the time I was born, on Christmas Day of 1919, my young parents'



income, however limited, was essentially their own.

A succession of happinesses and tragedies zig-zagged through the next several years. There was the happiness of the birth of my sister, Louise, and the tragedy of her death only 18 months later; then the birth of my brother, Stokely, and a time of relative prosperity leading to the building of the 'Taylor compound', - the pair of houses on a hill - followed by Brack's disabling accident and economic disaster.

It was to take from this point, in 1929, about 15 years of struggle before they arrived again at anything like financial security. Through it all, Ola Mae was a strong and serene figure.

Also, she was very pretty. I remember running along in front of my parents as a small child on many a Sunday morning as we went to church (the center of our social life), thinking proudly "My mother is going to be the prettiest lady there!" And so she was, especially when she was wearing at last a new dress which had been "laid away" at Mangel's Department Store and paid out at the rate of 50¢ or a dollar a week until it was finally hers. She was fairly tall - 5'7" or 8" - and had good bone structure. Her hair was dark brown, her features regular, eyes large and a luminous medium brown.

She was very slender, to her great mortification - it was a time when a woman was considered to cut a fine figure only if she were stout. She suffered for years from what was then called "female trouble" and in 1933 had a hysterectomy. The surgery turned the tide: she began at once to put on weight and in no time at all was cutting as fine a figure as her heart could have desired.

She was a hard, energetic, "hands-on" worker. She kept a squeaky-clean house. In my early childhood the floors of all the houses we lived in were bare wood, not varnished or waxed. A wool rug covered the center of the living room floor and there was linoleum in some of the other rooms. Every day, without fail, she wet-mopped the linoleum and every week, without fail, scrubbed the

bare floors with broom, soap and water. For a child to blunder onto a freshly cleaned floor with muddy shoes was to bring serious wrath down upon his head: "Don't stand there making a loblolly on my clean floor!" she would scream, enraged. (Loblolly [LOB-lolly] - defined in the dictionary as a kind of pine tree; in this usage however it is another of my mother's personal coinages meaning a wet, muddy mess.)

During the poverty-ridden years she was a tower of strength, holding a home together and managing to feed the four of us somehow on, frequently, just pennies per day. There was never, to my knowledge, any thought of her going out to find work herself, as there would be in a similar situation today. First of all, it was the height of the depression and the jobs just weren't out there for a woman with no experience in the workplace. Secondly, she had her job to do and it was a big one and an essential one.

She accomplished it nobly.

It was this very capacity for strength under adversity which made my mother a formidable opponent in a long and bitter conflict with me. What I saw as opportunity and a "calling" into the musical profession, she saw as an attempt on my part to turn my back on home and family and to "escape". Our ultimate reconciliation lay many years ahead.

When I was 14 and already enrolled (illegally) at the city high school, we moved from out in the fringes of Anniston into the city itself. I was determined to make my mark as a musician and I knew that the first step I had to take was to make my hometown sit up and take notice of me. This was no simple task.

For all of its verdant beauty and outward southern charm, Anniston was riddled with social and economic snobbery. The most important measures of an individual's worth in the community were the social standing of his or her family and how much money they had. All this was considered to be exemplified by where one lived. If you lived in the 'nice' part of town, i.e., East of the main

street, you mattered. If you lived on the West side, you did not matter. It was as simple as that.

The house we moved into was far over on the West side. We didn't matter at all.

Anniston High School was, academically, a pretty good school, I have since come to realize. Among its amenities was a good-sized auditorium, big enough to seat the entire student body, and it was customary to have an assembly once a week at which a "program" was put on. There came the day when I was asked to play a violin solo.

I had a piece called "Blue Butterflies", by some composer of student violin pieces whose name I have long since forgotten. It had a nice waltz-like melody, some easy but effective double-stops and even a bit of flying staccato bowing. My teacher and I decided I should play that.

Well, it bowled them over. I think the audience had probably never before heard decent playing from a serious violin student. Whatever the reason, "Blue Butterflies" became my turning point, my very first step on the long journey towards a musical career. I was an instant school celebrity.

The word filtered home to parents all over the city. By the end of that school year I had played violin solos for every women's club in town, every men's service club, every major downtown church. I was sent to the annual high school performance competitions in the state capital, Montgomery, and came back with first place in violin. I was praised and editorialized in the local paper, the Anniston Star.

I was the new kid, living on the wrong side of the tracks, but I had broken through the barrier. I still wasn't invited to the high school sorority dances at the country club (and didn't want to be - I couldn't dance - and can't to this day) but I had my niche. The town was, indeed, sitting up and taking notice.

It was pretty heady stuff at the age of 15 but my feet were

kept firmly planted on the ground by my janitorial duties at the First Christian Church. And the more my musical career flourished the dimmer Ola Mae's view of it became. She complained of my "high-falutin'" friends and activities and gloomily predicted a bad outcome to it all.

When, in my last year of high school, I began commuting to Birmingham for lessons with a major teacher, Ottokar Cadek, and started making plans to go there as a full time conservatory student the next year, her objections became even stronger: how on earth was I going to find the money to move away from home and go to college? How could I, or anyone, ever hope to make a living as a musician? Here I was, graduating from high school, wanting to go for more schooling - how much more education could anyone in my position want? Why didn't I go out and get a job and in due time get married and settle down, like regular people?

There were many quarrels between us along these lines, leaving us both in either helpless rage or total exasperation.

Oddly enough, considering that he had no way to know what a musical career was all about, my father was on my side. With his moral support I put together enough money to pay for my first semester's tuition at the Birmingham Conservatory of Music - there was a little cash scholarship tendered from the women's music club, another from the local Kiwanis Club, a loan from a wealthy and philanthropically inclined minister, plus my earnings as violin teacher and from summer jobs. I would pay my living expenses by commuting back to Anniston one day a week to give violin lessons.

So in the fall of 1937 my new life began. When my tuition money was used up, my beloved teacher, Mr. Cadek, and the conservatory director, Dorsey Whittington, simply allowed me to put all future charges "on the tab" until such time as I was able to pay them off. (It was the first debt I paid when that time came a few years later during military service.)



The schism between my mother and me, at least regarding my choice of career, could not have been greater and it stayed that way for years. There was a glimmer of reconciliation when in my third year at the conservatory I was appointed conductor of the Birmingham NYA Orchestra (a National Youth Administration project under FDR's New Deal program). We gave concerts all over the state and there was lots of publicity - and even a concert on the CBS radio network. But Ola Mae was only slightly impressed - after all, the pay was small.

The war years brought a hiatus in our mother-son conflict. All of us in uniform during the "good war" were looked upon as heroes. Then, when I went to New York and the Juilliard School after the war, although she conceded that it was no longer her business (after all, I was now 26), she had her opinion: I was surely going to school for the rest of my life and would probably never settle down.

My marriage in 1947 and getting my first orchestra, the Springfield, Ohio, Symphony, in 1948, brought about at long last her acceptance of my career as a legitimate one, especially after she and my father had visited Renée and me - and now, Eric - in Ohio and seen for themselves what being a conductor was all about. Her final seal of approval came with one further event.

In the mid-50s, now conductor of the Nashville Symphony, I spent a couple of summers as guest conductor of a youth orchestra, formed from all over the country, at Fred Waring's summer choral workshop in the Pennsylvania Pocono Mountains. Waring and his famous "Pennsylvanians" choral group were then appearing on a daily morning show on CBS-TV, televised from a summer resort, the Shawnee Inn, which Waring owned in the little town of Delaware Water Gap. One morning he presented the youth orchestra and myself on the show. We played, then Waring and I talked a bit about the orchestra after which, for a few heady moments, there was a three-way conversation including Jackie Gleason, the show's guest star for

that week. Then we played again.

Well, that did it. I was now in like Flynn with Ola Mae - her son had appeared on national TV, just like Leonard Bernstein or Walter Cronkite. I am told that thereafter she kept friends and relatives meticulously well-posted on my whereabouts and activities at all times, "bragging on" my every career move.

Considering their closeness, Ola Mae showed surprising resilience following the too-early death of my father in 1951. After the appalling initial shock, she pulled herself together with strength and resolution. My brother, Stokely, his wife, Mary, and their child, Cheryl Renée, were living in her house at the time. She occupied herself with caring for the child and managing the household while both Stoke and Mary worked. Occasionally she made visits to Nashville to spend time with Renée, Eric and me.

In 1954 she married my father's double-first cousin, George Taylor (III-9), whose wife had died some years previously. They moved to a beach cottage in Gulf Breeze, Florida, a suburb of Pensacola. George bought and operated a small neighborhood service station. They loved the warm climate and relaxed atmosphere of the little beach community and enjoyed having relatives and friends as house guests.

It was a pleasant, tranquil period of her life and it lasted eleven years, until George died suddenly of a heart attack in 1965.

Rushing (from Anniston) to get to her on the night of George's death, my brother, Stokely, was seriously injured in a car crash and was laid up for many weeks. Ola Mae decided to move to Anniston to live with him and Mary, who was working full time, to be of help during the recovery period.

Some letters from the time give insight into her lifestyle during the succeeding years.

Stoke wrote, in a letter to me on 27 May 1965: "Mother got here Sunday, she sure did hate to give up her home. We will try to make her feel at home and welcome. We love her and hope she will



be happy. I think it will work out in time"...He added, "I did not know what a wonderful wife I had until now, she goes day and night and has been for weeks. I don't feel I deserve this much love and care."

Actually, the arrangement didn't work out for very long. With Stoke's recuperation well under way, Ola Mae longed to have her own place again and rented a small house several blocks away. It was here that I visited her in late August, 1965, en route by car from Maine, where my family and I had spent the summer, back to Arizona (Renée and the children having returned by plane). I found her feeling lonely, after being widowed for a second time but otherwise reasonably content.

Ultimately deciding she wanted to be near her beloved sister, Ellen (3-2), she moved to Bessemer, Alabama, in the late 1960s, taking an apartment at a city-owned complex for the elderly.

On 7 February 1970 she wrote: "I live a quiet and very simple life. Living alone and being on your own is not so bad with me. I have a cozy clean 4-room and bath apartment all to myself. 4 miles from my sister. A 61 model Chev car. A friend to drive for me, 2 blocks from me. So you see I am quite on my own. And like it"...But, things had changed in Stoke's marriage, and she added "My big worry now is Stoke. I feel so sorry for him and I have for a long, long time...ring in his nose, pulled around, nag, nag, nag - it's no wonder he crawls into a whiskey bottle to get away from it. He is so different now, seems to me he has given up on everything."

Serious, crippling arthritis became, more and more, a problem for her. Still, she insisted on maintaining her independence in her own place. A letter of 29 October 1972 said: "I hope you can read this, since my hands are so stiff and sore I can't hold the pen well enough. I would be fine for my age if I could get over this awful old arthritis. It won't let up at all and of course I hurt all over all the time. But there's one thing I know.

I will be out of it someday. Please write to me. I get so lonesome." [The last sentence had been scratched out but was still legible.]

There were incidents. One night she was startled awake to find her own pistol (from the bedside table) being held against her head by an intruder. She calmly talked him into taking what money she had in the house and leaving.

In February, 1973, she wrote: "Stoke and Mary and [Cheryl] Renée's little boys came last Sunday night - got here so late, stayed about 10 minutes, but I was so happy to see them. I love them so."

Then there was a bad fall, which broke her hip, in the apartment. With the telephone out of her reach and the doors locked, she lay helpless and in pain for several hours, until some concerned neighbors investigated, heard her cries and summoned help. A hip-socket replacement surgery had to be done.

1 June 1973: "Here I go again trying to write you a note of thanks and appreciation for your concern and help. I am at home now and am trying to get by. I can't do so much at home but I am doing the best I can and I don't want you to send any more money. I just don't feel like it. [I had sent nominal sums on a few occasions at Aunt Ellen's suggestion, to help with household expenses during her hospitalization.] I am doing all right as long as I don't have big Dr. and other bills to pay...but I have a sneaking idea my insurance will pay it all, knock wood, here's hoping. Mary and Stoke came to see me a few days ago and Stoke was his old sweet self, and they did look so lovely to me. He was sober for a change."

In mid-July of 1973 I spent a week with her. It was to be the last time I saw her alive. I was never able to persuade her to visit us in California. She was afraid to undertake the long trip.

3 January 1975: "I had another hard fall this morning, and am getting awful sore and feeling bruised all over. I was standing

at the sink washing dishes when it happened. I just don't know what to do."

25 January 1975: [Referring to Cheryl Renée's family] "I saw quite a lot of them at Christmas. They came one night and brought a Xmas tree, put it up, trimmed it from bottom to top, it was beautiful. I didn't see Stoke at all. I don't know what to think about him, but I love him just the same. Hope you had a good conducting trip [I had guest conducted in Manila]. Well I must stop this, I am getting very tired."

On October 8, 1977, Ola Mae had another fall, breaking the other hip. Two days later she underwent another hip-socket replacement surgery.

On October 16, Renée and I were at our weekend place in Capitola, California, and I received a call there from Cheryl Renée. It was to the effect that my mother was comatose and dying. She had been unable to cope with the trauma of the surgery and her systems were failing, one by one.

We rushed home to Fresno and I took the next available plane to Birmingham, Alabama, arriving there at 9:33 the next morning. I was met by Warren Overton, Cheryl Renée's husband, and driven to the hospital in Bessemer, arriving there at 10:20. My mother had died at 9:50, exactly half an hour before my arrival. Stoke had been with her.

She was buried beside my father at Edgemont Cemetery in Anniston on October 19, 1977.

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- 3-2) Ellen Sabrina Shaw, my mother's sister, married  
Marcus Lydell Howell (1894-1988). Their children:
- 4-1) Milton Lydell (born 1917)
  - 4-2) Hazel Vivian (born 1921)
  - 4-3) Gordon Edward (born 1925)

A very favorite relative of mine, Aunt Ellen was born on New Year's Eve, 1899. She lives still in the house she moved into after her marriage at age 16, in Bessemer, Alabama. Her husband, Marcus Lydell Howell ("Dell"), died recently in his mid-90s. His was a rather eccentric, overbearing personality, and she seemed always compliant and dependent but, of the two, she was undoubtedly the stronger.

I last saw Uncle Dell while visiting my mother, then living in Bessemer, in 1973. There had lately been some unusually violent storms in the region and he was expressing vehemently his conviction that these were caused by the recent landing of astronauts on the moon. According to him, they had made the moon "jump around in the sky" when they set down upon it, thereby affecting the weather on earth. He was a loud, blustery fellow, dominating any room he entered by dint of sheer volume. Taking all this in stride, Aunt Ellen loved him very much and, although she was the more influential parent, so did his children.

He worked for many years as a foreman at the U. S. Steel Corporation plant in Bessemer and, compared to the rest of my family, was quite prosperous. He always drove a big Buick sedan, by far the most impressive car owned by any relative of mine. Their neat white clapboard house also contained the first full scale indoor bathroom I, as a child, had ever seen and it was where I had the luxurious treat of my first bath in a real bathtub, with hot and cold running water. (At our house the bathtub was a laundry tub and the water was heated on the kitchen range and poured in.)

Ellen's and Dell's marriage lasted well over 70 years. He was always a person of great physical strength and he remained that

to the end, his death coming after a long, very gradual enfeeblement, without pain or specific complaint. Referring to his declining years, his son Gordon wrote to me, "He is completely bedridden, can't stand up or walk, yet his lab tests are as good as or better than mine. He still has no pain."

There has always been about Aunt Ellen a certain lyrical quality, evident in her ever ready laughter, the lilt in her voice, her crisp, refreshing presence. She and my mother bore a fairly strong family resemblance to each other, although Ellen had hair of a lighter brown and a personality, in general, of somewhat lighter texture and spirit.

Occasional summer visits to her house were highlights of my early childhood. There were picnics, outings at a recreational park called East Lake which had rides and a swimming pool, and visits to downtown Bessemer, all great delights at the time.

I remember, later, a wintry Sunday afternoon when I had been taken to see my father at Baptist Hospital in Birmingham after his orthopedic surgery there in 1930. Aunt Ellen dropped by and she had brought along her son Gordon, then five or six years old. She gave him permission to go out on the hospital lawn to play, provided he remained in the area just outside the window of my father's room, which was at ground level, so that she could keep a constant eye on him. We were all conversing pleasantly when there suddenly appeared a silhouette framed in the window. It was Gordon, peering in and looking wretched, with water pouring from his winter coat, his hat, seemingly his every pore. He had fallen head over heels into the fish pond on the lawn. Ellen gave a great shriek, rushed outside and brought him in. Nurses came running with towels and blankets, and this future U.S. Air Force colonel was stripped down and bundled up like an infant for the trip home.

After the death of her husband Dell, in September of 1988, Ellen, aged 89, decided to stay on in her house, living completely alone. "It's my home," she explains simply. Surrounded by friends



and neighbors of many years' standing, she feels secure. A woman comes in five days a week to help her. She wears at all times a medic-alert necklace which will summon emergency help at the press of a button. There are occasional visits with her daughter, Hazel (4-2), in Tennessee and her son, Lydell (4-1), in Florida. She has of course her share of aches and pains but on the whole does well, is lively and content. As of this writing, I am in touch with her from time to time by telephone. She has been my major link with the past in the setting down of this Shaw-McMichael chapter.

When our daughter was born the name Ellen came readily to mind. Renée and I soon decided upon it, honoring the presence in my life of this very special lady.

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Ola Mae's and Ellen's half-siblings, the Bedford children, born in the period 1905 to 1917:

- 3-3) John Lawrence (J. L.)
- 3-4) Otis
- 3-5) Valerie
- 3-6) Edna
- 3-7) Durward

lived out their lives, with two exceptions, in the little towns of Talladega and Oxford, Alabama, and their environs. Following the death of Grandmother Bedford in 1933, contact between them and their older sisters, Ola Mae and Ellen, became very infrequent. There was nothing unfriendly about this - it was largely a matter of the distance separating them. I remember some occasional visits to our house by Valerie and Edna, and sometimes Durward, who was very nearly my own age, was brought along to play with me. Of the



older step-brothers, J.L. and Otis, we saw nothing at all.

The following information on the Bedfords was given to me recently by Aunt Ellen, and it is all she knew of them.

John Lawrence (always called "J.L.") died of a stroke.

Otis was killed years ago in a shooting accident.

Valerie married Eamon Dempsey, with whom she had a child, Billy. After Eamon's death she married Frank Phillips, moved to Brook, Georgia, and had another son, Walter. She is the only one of the Bedford children still living. Edna died in 1986 of a heart attack. She had a daughter, Eileen.

Durward lived in Texas and died of cancer a few years ago.

[I saw Valerie and Edna at my mother's funeral in 1977. I was amazed at how much they looked exactly as I remembered them from my childhood - their faces relatively unlined, even their hair styles remaining the same - and was impressed with what sweet ladies they seemed to be, gentle and soft-spoken.]

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#### 4. My Generation (from 1917) and Descendants:

[Here follows a repeat listing of my and my brother's families, simply as an indication of their place in the Shaw/McMichael succession:

IV-1) Guy Watson Taylor (born 25 December 1919) married

D-24) Sylvia Renée Lifton (qq. v.). Children:

V-1) Eric Anthony (born 23 October 1950)

married Irene Tognazzini. No children. Divorced. Married

Carol Nathe Ulm. Children:

VI-1) John Bernard Ulm (born 26 November

1976). Carol's child by previous marriage, legally adopted by Eric in 1983.

VI-2) Megan Lindsey (born 16 July 1982).

V-2) Ellen Jane (born 26 November 1954) married Kenji Yokoyama. Divorced. Married Thomas Killin Dalglish. Their child:

VI-3) Hannah Taylor Dalglish (b. 29 November 1993). Thomas has two sons by previous marriage:

VI-4) Pablo Januario Silva Dalglish (born 1977) and

VI-5) Gabriel Camilo Silva Dalglish (born 1980), now living with their mother in Brazil.

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IV-2) Ola Louise Taylor (1922-1923).

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IV-3) Stokely Fred Taylor (born 1924) married Mary Farrow. Their child:

V-3) Cheryl Renée (born 10 December 1948)

married Jerry Powell. Their children:

VI-6) Mark Taylor Powell (born 6 November 1968).

VI-7) Christopher Todd Powell (born 27 June 1970).

Cheryl Renée divorced Jerry Powell, married Warren Overton.

This ends the repeat listing of my and my brother's families.]

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Continuing now with Ellen Howell's (my mother's sister's) children and their descendants:

4-1) Milton Lydell Howell (born 15 November 1917) married Margaret Barksdale. Their children:

5-1) Milton Lydell, Jr. ("Pat") [born 19 December 1939]

5-2) Julia (born 10 July 1941)

5-3) John (born 3 August 1946)

**Milton Lydell** Howell was called "Milton" only at school and in football - within the family he has always been called Lydell, pronounced "li-DELL". He grew up big and rugged and had a large, breezy personality. In addition to Buddy Blewster (IV-5), he is my other star athlete cousin. Lydell attended Alabama Polytechnic Institute (which later changed its name to Auburn University) where he played the position of right guard on the football team. He was team captain in 1938-39 and was named to the college All-American team that same season.

His business career was with a firm doing credit risk research on major clients of insurance and loan companies, in the course of which he and his family lived in various cities including Mobile, New Orleans and Atlanta. He retired as first vice president of the firm some years ago and he and Margaret now live in Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida, in the Jacksonville area.

The children and grandchildren of Lydell and Margaret:

5-1) Milton Howell, Jr. ("Pat") married Mary Alice Crouch. Their daughter,

6-1) Patricia (born 13 November 1963) is a graduate of Wheaton College in Illinois as a Business Administration major and is, I am told, heavily involved in religious work.

"Pat" divorced Mary Alice, was remarried to Patricia McInnis, who brought into the fami-

ly two children by previous marriage:

6-2) Lisa Riesling

6-3) Jeremy Riesling.

5-2) Julia Howell married

Thomas Nolan. Their children:

6-4) Thomas, Jr. (born 31 December 1962)  
serves in the U.S. Navy and graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis.

6-5) Melinda (born 11 October 1964) married Joe Ortin, also a graduate of the Naval Academy.

Julia's first husband, Thomas Nolan (Sr.) died and she married Stephen Bird of Chicago. They live now in Statesville, North Carolina, where she is a school teacher and he is an engineer with a firm which makes parts for race cars.

5-3) John Howell (born 3 August 1946). His wife's name is Andrea, they live in Atlanta, and have two daughters:

6-6) Lane (born 1981)

6-7) Lacey (born 1983).

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4-2) Hazel Vivian Howell (born 17 January 1921) married Vernon Wise. Their children:

5-4) Mary Frances (born 1943)

5-5) Laverne (born 1944)

5-6) Vernon, Jr. (born 1946)

5-7) Timothy Lydell (born 1950)

I recall my cousin Hazel as an easygoing, sweet-tempered child. She wanted nothing more (or less) than to be a wife and mother, to have her own family. She declined being sent to college, opting to attend business school instead. Her husband, Vernon Wise, was a plumbing contractor and is now retired. Her brother, Gordon, wrote me a few months before his recent death: "Hazel still lives in Knoxville with all her family nearby. They are a very close family - something very rare, I think. Most of us move away and never go back."

The children and grandchildren of Hazel and Vernon Wise:

5-4) Mary Frances Wise married

Lynn Hurst. Their children:

6-8) Laurie Beth (born 1963)

6-9) Kelly (born 1966).

5-5) Laverne Wise married

Robert Carroll Hilliard. Their children:

6-10) Melissa Carol (born 1964)

6-11) Robert Mark (born 1966)

6-12) Bradley (born 1970)

Following the death of Robert Hilliard in an accident, Laverne was married to Dr. William Morgan, a dentist.

5-6) Vernon Wise, Jr. married

Sharon Wilhoit. Their children:

6-13) Elizabeth (born 1971)

6-14) Cynthia (born 1973)

6-15) Spencer (born 1981).

5-7) Timothy Lydell Wise married

Shirley Davis. Their children:

6-16) Stacey (born 1977)

6-17) Scott (born 1981).

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4-3) Gordon Edward Howell (1925-1986) married  
Joan Manley. Their children:

5-8) Sian (born 1954)

5-9) Margaret (born 1957).

**I always** liked Gordon for his intelligence and sensitivity, his humor and his love of music. But I do remember that as a very young child he cried a lot and the family considered him to be something of a mama's boy. How were we to know that he would grow up to be a pilot in the U.S. Air Force, fight in three wars and serve as the commanding officer of a major Air Force base?

Born 26 June 1925, he entered the Air Force as soon as he completed high school, in the middle of World War II, and became a pilot. At war's end he attended the Alabama Polytechnic Institute (now known as Auburn University) and upon graduation he married Joan Manley. Returning to the Air Force as a career, he was active as a pilot for 25 years, including service in the Korean war and in Vietnam. He served as commandant of the Air Force ROTC at the University of the South in Sewanee, Tennessee, 1965-69, and was Commanding Officer of the March Field Air Force Base at Riverside, California, during the 1970s. He and Joan separated in 1973 and were divorced in 1975. He retired at the rank of colonel and lived in Los Angeles, pursuing his long-time hobby of orchid-growing, until his death in 1986.

The exact cause of death is not clear: it resulted from what seems to have been a combination of circumstances. During a Mexican trip in the summer of 1986 he contracted severe food poisoning and was hospitalized at a Veteran's Hospital in Los Angeles. There was a long period of illness during which a tumor was discovered in his neck and surgically removed. The illness remained severe and he slipped into a coma from which he never recovered. Death was on



23 November, and he was given a military funeral and burial at Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia, on the second of December. 1986.

The children and grandchildren of Gordon and Joan:

5-8) Sian (born 1954) married  
Carl Baranco. They live in Sewanee, Tennessee, and have a son:

6-17) Nicholas (born 2 March 1986).

5-9) Margaret (born 1957) had a first marriage which lasted only a few months. Then she married Joe Ashbaker. They live in Redlands, California, where her mother (Joan) and maternal grandparents also live. Margaret recently received a Ph. D. in Developmental Psychology from the University of Southern California. She and Joe have two daughters:

6-18) Kathleen (born 1988)

6-19) Leslie (born 1990).



## CHAPTER III

### THE LIFTON (LIFSCHITZ/LIPPE/LIPTON) FAMILY

Lifschitz, the original family name, is a variation of Lipschutz, the name of a family of Polish and German rabbis and scholars, records of whom date back to the 16th century. The name is derived from Liebeschitz, a town in Bohemia. Besides Lifschitz, other variants of the name include Lipshitz, Lipschitz, Lifshitz, Lipchitz, Liboschutz, Lefschetz, Lupschutz and Luboschutz.

#### The Locale

As a result of political upheaval in the late 18th century, Poland was carved up between Czarist Russia, Germany and Austria. Into Russian hands came a vast territory including what we now know as Lithuania, White Russia, Ukraine, part of Poland and some of Galicia. Within the population of the new territory were hundreds of thousands of Jews, whom anti-Semitic Russia promptly segregated by passing laws in 1795 and 1835 confining them to the newly annexed area. Further, many of the Jews living in rural homes were forced to give them up and move into specified towns, or villages-within-towns called "shtetls." They were not allowed to own places of business and thus were forced into working at menial labor or as peddlers, selling merchandise from backpacks.

This new Russian territory came to be known as the Pale of Settlement.\* As the years passed, more and more Jews living elsewhere in Russia were forced into the Pale - some of them in chains - until by 1885 there were over four million Jews segregated there.

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\* I had to look up the word 'pale' used as a noun, finding it defined as : "a district marked off from the surrounding country by a different system of government and law or by definite boundaries."

Near the geographical center of this giant ghetto which was the Pale lay the oblast (province) of Minsk, from which Renée's paternal ancestors, the Lifschitz family, sprang. Minsk is one of seven oblasts making up the Republic of White Russia, or Byelorussia, now called Belarus. It lies West and slightly South of Moscow and extends to the Polish and Lithuanian borders.

As to the name of the town which was the Lifschitz family seat, there is some conjecture. Among Renée's papers there is a penciled note in the handwriting of her father, Bernard Lifton, which says:

"Glushkevitz

The town where I came from

the population consisted

500 Gentile families

50 Jewish families."

Other sources give different versions, or at least spellings, of what would seem to be the same name. Herbert Lifton, Renée's brother, had it as "Yskevich". A cousin, Frieda Lubatkin, says her mother, Lena Lifschitz Lubatkin, called it "Loushkevitz". An evidently tired office clerk in New York, in 1917, apparently heard it as "loose cabbage" and spelled it, accordingly, "Luscabbage" on Bernard's draft registration certificate.

Glushkevitz, to use Bernard's version of the name, seems to have been too small a place to appear on any available map. But we have a clue as to its location. An official immigration form, dated 12 August 1911, gives Gorodok, Minsk, as the place of last residence in Russia of Schmil Lifschitz (Bernard Lifton). Gorodok, Minsk, (not to be confused with another Gorodok, lying far to the South in Ukraine) is a moderate-sized city situated about 300 miles almost due West of Moscow. It seems reasonable to assume that young Bernard, hailing from such a small town, chose to give for official purposes the name of the nearest sizable city as his residence, and that Glushkevitz is in the vicinity of Gorodok, Minsk.

The Pale of Settlement, as such, ceased to exist in 1917, with the Revolution. A mass exodus had begun, starting as far back as 1880, during which over two million Jews immigrated from the Pale to the United States, Britain and other West European countries, South America and Palestine - with the U.S. being undoubtedly the most favored destination. In the words of one Gertrude Yellin, a Russian immigrant who came through Ellis Island in 1921, "The word 'America' in those days was the wish, the dream and the hope of every person. We called it the Golden Land. It was the desire of every human being to reach the gates of the Golden Land."

During the years between 1900 and 1911 the Jacob Lifschitz family, almost in its entirety, immigrated to the United States, settling in New York City. Many family members remain to this day in the Greater New York area while others have branched out into upper New York State, New England, Pennsylvania, Florida, California and Washington State.

A. Renée's Great-grandparents' Generation (from circa 1830):

A-1) Abraham Joseph Lifschitz married

Dina Alpern. We know nothing about this couple except that they lived and died in Russia and that, probably among other children, they had a son:

B-1) Jacob Mordechai Lifschitz (1853-1925)

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B. Renée's Grandparents' Generation (from 1853):

B-1) Jacob ("Jankel") Mordechai Lifschitz (born 10 May 1853, died 25 May 1925) married Sara Ruth Shveduk. Their children, all born in Russia:

- C-1) Dora (1880-1936)
- C-2) Gershon ["Harry"] (1882-ca.1955)
- C-3) Lena (1883-1972)
- C-4) Simon (1884)
- C-5) Pauline [Pola] (1899?-1930)
- C-6) Sam Bernard (1897?-1980), Renée's father.

In 1914, in America, Jacob, then a widower, married Ida Cohen Schwartz (b-3), who brought into the family her daughter by previous marriage:

- c-2) Esther Rachel Schwartz [q.q.v.] (1894-1982)

**There seems** to be little actual memory of Jacob (who was often called, in Yiddish, "Jankel", sometimes spelled "Yankel") among his living descendants. We know that he immigrated to the United States in 1901 and lived in New York City for the rest of his life, first on the lower East Side and then in Brooklyn. The record of his marriage to Ida Schwartz in 1914 gives his occupation as "peddler". His death certificate, dated 1925, states that he was a jewelry salesman. A formal photograph, taken late in life, shows him as a man of rather slight build with a sweet, kindly face, in black suit and yarmulke, his hand on a Torah resting on a stand beside his chair. His son Bernard bore him a striking resemblance.

All of the above listed children immigrated to the U.S. One source suggests there may have been other, younger, children who remained behind in Russia with their mother, Sara Ruth. Opinion is divided as to what happened to her. One theory is that she was unwilling to leave Russia and remained behind of her own accord; another is that she was simply abandoned when she refused to immigrate. It is evident that she had died by 1914 because without



proof of her death Jacob could not have been remarried as a widower at that time.

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C. Renée's Parents' generation (from 1880):

C-1) Dora Lifschitz (1880-1936) married  
Joseph Schiffman. Their children:

- D-1) Abraham (b. 1906)
- D-2) Harry (b. 1909)
- D-3) Sam (b. 1911)
- D-4) Herman (b. 1913)
- D-5) Florence (b. 1915)

**Bernard's oldest** sibling, Dora, must have been one of the first members of the family to immigrate. We know that her marriage, presumably in the U.S., took place in 1901. Some question has been raised as to the accuracy of her claimed birth year, but if the lady did fudge a bit who would hold it against her at this point?

#####

C-2) Gershon ("Harry") Lifschitz (1882-ca.1955) married  
Rose Bertinsky. Their children:

- D-6) Sally (b. 1904)
- D-7) Abraham (b. 1906)
- D-8) Mildred (1910-1932)
- D-9) Herbert (b. 1918)

**According to** his son, Herbert, Gershon Lifschitz came to the U.S. "about 1900. He may have preceded his father, who arrived in 1901,

or he may have come at the same time." He chose to use "Harry" as his American given name. He was a door-to-door salesman on New York's lower East Side, selling to housewives on the time-payment plan. He met his wife, Rose, at a dancing school, where he was the teacher and she was a student. Renée remembers her Uncle Harry as very elegant and dapper, with spats and a cane - a charmer, a true ladies' man.

Rose Lifschitz was a tiny lady, about 4'11" in height. In the words of Herbert's wife, Sylvia Lippe, "she worked after her children were older, at all sorts of odd jobs, to help support the family, as Harry would take off for cities unknown, every once in a while. They separated in 1938." Harry died "around 1955."

#####

- C-3) Lena Lifschitz (1893-1972) married  
 Morris ~~the~~ Abraham Lubatkin (born 1880 in Mecheter, Russia, died 1929). Their children:
- D-10) Abraham (b. 8 September 1905)
  - D-11) Harry (b. 12 April 1907)
  - D-12) Michael (b. 2 January 1909)
  - D-13) Frieda (b. 1 November 1911)
  - D-14) Sylvia Ruth (b. 25 May 1915)

#####

- C-4) Simon Lifschitz (b. 1884) married  
 Anna (Unknown), in about 1902. Their children, all of whom changed their surname to Lipton:

D-15) Moe (b. 1903)

D-16) Hilda (b. 1904)

D-17) Herman (b. 1909)

D-18) Sylvia (b. 1915)

**Simon** is the older brother who helped bring about the immigration to the United States of Renée's father, Bernard Lifton, in 1911. Simon provided Bernard with a job and thus helped him establish in a new life. More about this relationship is given later in the biographical sketch of Bernard (C-6).

#####

C-5) Pauline (Pola) Lifschitz (1899?-1930) married

Simon Elkind, who died in 1974. Their children:

D-19) Adele )

D-20) Sarah ) [Born in the 1920s]

D-21) Jeanette )

**Renée's Aunt Pola** is famed in family legend because of the way she met her untimely death. She was in the kitchen singeing a chicken and her skirts caught fire. The burns she suffered were fatal.

In most family records Pola is listed as the youngest of the Lifschitz children who came to America. But one of Renée's eldest cousins, Abraham Lubatkin (D-10), declares that this is in error, that Pola's birthdate was actually earlier, and that Bernard was the youngest. I am choosing to use that chronological order here.

#####

C-6) Sam Bernard Lifschitz [later, Lifton] (1897?-1980)  
 married

c-2) Esther Rachel Schwartz (q.q.v.). Their children:

D-22) Herbert Irving (born 1919)

D-23) Jerome Howard (1920-1975)

D-24) Sylvia Renée (born 1923)

**All records** pertaining to the immigration of Renée's father give his name simply as Schmiel (Samuel) Lifschitz, without mention of a middle name. But after arriving here he always gave Sam Bernard Lifschitz as his full name, and elected to be called Bernard, which of course frequently became 'Bernie'. The change of surname from Lifschitz to Lifton came in 1928.

Bernard used to say he did not know his date of birth. There was good reason for this - prior to 1918, Russia had no government registration of births, deaths or marriages. Such records were kept only by families, or by synagogues or churches, or not at all, which seems to have been true in Bernard's case. On some official papers in the U.S. he gave his birth year as 1895, on others as 1897. Probably the latter was more nearly correct - his wife Esther sometimes stated that she knew him to be two or three years her junior, and we have her birth certificate dated 1894. At any rate, Bernard seems to have eventually 'adopted' a birthday, 21 January 1897, which he used later in life.

Information on his boyhood in Russia is scarce. He did tell a story of how, when word came that Cossack soldiers were making one of their habitual sweeps through the villages, rounding up young men and horses to conscript into military service, his job was to take the family horse and flee to a remote place in the nearby forest. There he remained, still and quiet, no matter how long it took, until some relative or friend arrived with an 'all clear' message.

Renée remembers hearing from her father about a member of the family who owned a samovar and ran a tea room in their village,

operating probably out of a room in his dwelling. In her father's words, "He ran a samovar." And her brother Herbert has a vague memory of hearing a story about Bernard's journey from Minsk to Rotterdam, Holland, where he would take a ship to America. This is a distance of about 2000 miles by land. He evidently traveled with an uncle - we don't know from which side of the family, or what ever happened to that uncle. It could have taken them, moving from shtetl to shtetl, town to town, something over a year to make the trip.

Beside me as I write is a small collection of documents relating to Bernard's early years in this country, which came to light after his death. On top is a tattered blue inspection/quarantine card, dated 12 August 1911. It imparts the information that Schmil Lifschitz, of Gorodok, Minsk, is cleared to sail on the ship Nieuw Amsterdam, of the Holland-Amerika Line, departing Rotterdam, destination New York. A companion card, this one orange, bears the legend, "Ich werde erwartet von: (I will be expected by:) father, Jankel Lifschitz, 176 McKibben Street, Brooklyn, N. Y." And so the teen-aged lad with, he used to tell us, the equivalent of about \$15 in his pocket and knowing only the barest few words of English, arrived in America.

He went to live not with his father but with an older brother, Simon, and his wife, Anna. Simon owned a dry goods and general merchandise store, and Bernard went to work there. Details are vague, but it is possible there was some indebtedness to be worked off - perhaps Simon had paid Bernard's passage. At any rate the arrangement continued for some time. We are told that Simon was hard on his younger brother and that it was not a happy relationship.

In time, Bernard found other work and moved out. He became a salesman at another general merchandise store, dug in, worked hard and ultimately became the store manager, all the while of course learning English and immersing himself into a new way of



life. We don't know the exact date, but at some point he moved into the household of his father, Jacob, who, in 1914, married Ida Cohen Schwartz (b-3), the widow of Harris Schwartz. She brought with her into the home her 20-year-old daughter, Esther Schwartz (c-2). For some years, then, Bernard and Esther lived under the same roof as step-brother and -sister.

On 15 June 1917, shortly after America had entered World War I, Bernard registered for the draft. On the registration form his age is given as 22, his address as 1008 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, his birthplace as Luscabbage (sic), Minsk, Russia, his occupation as salesman, his employer as S. Roth of 399 Knickerbocker Avenue, Brooklyn. He requests exemption from the draft on grounds that he is the sole support of his aged father and mother. On 27 September 1917 he was granted this exemption and the following January he received formal notification of his having been placed in Classification 5F.

Meanwhile, romance had developed between Bernard and his step-sister - they were, of course, not blood related. A bill of sale from Lipschitz & Goldman Jewelers, of Brooklyn, indicates the cash purchase of a one-karat diamond ring and a white gold wedding band on 14 May 1917, at a price of \$183, by Mr. B. Lifschitz. This was no trifling sum in those days and the fact of the cash payment probably indicates that Bernard was doing well financially at that point. A trained bookkeeper, Esther was undoubtedly also employed.

We have long known that they had a big formal wedding on May 11, 1918. Among family records there exist the following:

- An invitation from Mr. and Mrs. J. Lifschitz requesting the presence of the recipient at the betrothal of their children, Esther to Bernard, Sunday evening, May 20, 1917, at 6. 1008 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn.

- A betrothal announcement card dated May 20, 1917.

- An invitation to the wedding: Saturday evening, May 17, 1918 (a year later).

- Several congratulatory telegrams, all dated May 11, 1918.

But now, from the more recently discovered papers, comes a surprise: a certificate of marriage registration, with supporting documents, indicating that Bernard and Esther were married at the city clerk's office in Brooklyn on July 31, 1917 - 10½ months before the big formal wedding! A deputy city clerk (signature illegible) officiated, and one Jacob Hellerstein signed as the witness.

Was this an elopement? Did the young couple, impatient with such a long engagement, hie themselves off to City Hall in secret on this midsummer Tuesday afternoon? Or did this civil ceremony take place with the knowledge and approval of the parents, but with the formal wedding postponed 10½ months as a matter of convenience? Was the City Hall wedding then kept secret until the time of the big wedding? At this late date, of course, we'll never know.

Now we find a bill of sale for furniture, dated 7 April 1918 (a month before the big wedding), no doubt signalling a pending move by the young couple from the parental household to a place of their own. The seller is Smolin & Kaschoskin, Inc., Furniture and Household Articles, 98 Graham Street, Brooklyn, and the items include: 1 buffet crystal closet, a table with glass top, 5 chairs and 1 armchair (in blue leather); a bedspring and hair mattress, a dresser, chifferobe and chair; an icebox, kitchen table and 3 kitchen chairs. The total price was (this is not a misprint!) \$325, with \$25 put down as a cash deposit.

The next document brings us forward a few years. Bernard's age is given as 30, his address as 131 Sheridan Avenue and he lists his three children, Herbert, age 6, Jerome, age 5 and Renée, age 2. "Be it remembered that Sam Bernard Lifschitz...the court having found that...he had in all respects complied with the Naturalization Laws of the United States...it was thereupon ordered by the said court that he be admitted as a citizen of the United States of America....The seal of said court is hereunto affixed on the 24th day of November...1925."

Two further items complete the collection of documents. A certificate from a night school branch of the University of the State of New York, dated 8 October 1926, attests to Bernard's literacy in English. And finally, a yellowed clipping from a court record informs that his surname was changed from Lifschitz to Lifton, before a judge of the State Supreme Court, on 5 May 1928.

Thus the Americanization of Sam Bernard Lifton was complete.

Concurrently with the above, his business career had also moved along. Again, details and exact dates are vague, but it is known that he opened a first store of his own, which failed. But he had gained a good reputation in the business community as a man of integrity and a hard worker, and was able to get the necessary loans to start a second business. This one, too, didn't develop as he hoped and he ended up selling it. Then came the third time -- and the charm. (We are now at about the mid-20s.) He opened a store selling women's and children's clothing (later only children's) in a neighborhood called City Line, on the border between Brooklyn and Queens. It took a lot of hard work, and the Great Depression of 1929 had to be survived, but ultimately Bernard's Children's Shop at 1123 Liberty Avenue in City Line succeeded and prospered. It became in time something of a neighborhood institution, which passed eventually into the hands of his son, Herbert, and lasted, all told, well over half a century.

Bernard, as I remember my father-in-law, always impressed as a kindly man, soft-spoken, usually with a bit of a twinkle in the wide-set brown eyes and a smile never too far away. He was short, I would guess no more than five-six or so, and somewhat rotund, although never obese. He lost his hair early, becoming finally totally bald except for a light fringe and a wisp or two of longer hair which he most carefully combed to best advantage. He had excellent command of the English language but to the end of his life retained a bit of Russian-Yiddish accent. In our house, to this day, remembering, we sometimes call a sandwich a "sennavitch".

Let me add, though, that he had his tough side. He could never have succeeded as a retailer without it. And his children certainly saw him sometimes as less than kindly. Perhaps he was marching to the beat of an Old World drum when he occasionally demanded of them things which seemed harsh at the time.

When his older son, Herb, was ready for college, Bernard paid the first year's tuition but then demanded that Herb go to work and finish college at his own expense, even though Bernard could easily have afforded the then-very-moderate tuition fees. Herb put in a rough grind of working during the day and going to school at night for an additional four years in order to get his degree. The second son, Jerry, opted not to go to college at all and went to work soon after high school. Renée was a talented and serious piano student and, when her turn came, wanted to go to New York's famous music school, Juilliard. Bernard agreed to send her, but demanded that she must first interrupt her studies, take some secretarial training and spend a year working, not for the money but to prove to him her seriousness of purpose, all of which she did.

Harsh treatment? Maybe - but there's a better explanation. Bernard had had to overcome extreme hardships in his own youth and he realized that this had been an important strengthening process for him. He wanted his children, brought up in security and comfort, to test their own mettle, to discover their own inner strength, by having to work hard to achieve something they wanted. It must have required a certain courage for him to take a position which would, he knew, cause them to feel resentment. He saw it, surely, as another expression of his love for them. It was what we call nowadays "tough love". Perhaps, indeed, the beat of an Old World drum....

But Bernard was to undergo a severe test of his own resilience.

He and Esther were, it was my impression, at least averagely



religious, belonging to the Jewish temple in their neighborhood, always attending services on the High Holy Days, and Bernard was an ardent Zionist to the end of his life. At home, Esther kept a basically kosher kitchen, although in social or restaurant situations they relaxed the rules and did not hold to a strict kosher diet.

By 1947 both sons, Herb and Jerry, were married to Jewish wives, of whom Bernard and Esther were very fond. It had probably never crossed their minds that daughter Renée, now in her third year at Juilliard, would contemplate marrying outside the faith. But, in the summer of that year, here she came with the news that she had fallen in love with and wanted to marry a non-Jewish man - me. It was like a thunderbolt out of the blue.

Actually, Esther took the news pretty well in stride and soon was on our side, as were the brothers and their wives. But Bernard was stricken, absolutely appalled. He expressed his feelings privately to Esther, who relayed them to Renée: he saw it as a disaster to him as a Jew and as a businessman; he would never again be able to hold up his head in the temple, and he feared he would have to close his business and leave Liberty Avenue.

Of course, with the passage of some time and, I suspect, the calming influence of Esther, he realized that his feelings had been overreactive and that none of those dreaded things was at all likely to happen, and he began to come around. Through all the turmoil he said again and again, "Tell Guy this has nothing to do with him personally."

I approached the subject of my becoming a member of the temple. Actually, I was no longer a churchgoer - having been brought up devoutly in a Southern Baptist church and then having spent some years as an Episcopalian, I came out of the Army after World War II not feeling any further need for connection with organized religion. Not that I was, or am, irreligious. I had simply come to an entirely private and personal relationship with an all-encompassing Deity, with whom I had always felt a far closer



contact in the performance of a great musical work than in any religious service I ever attended. So I could, theoretically and philosophically, just as well have taken instruction in the tenets of the Jewish faith and joined the temple. But it would have been, I knew, only a cosmetic gesture. Bernard and Esther perceived this, too, and we all agreed it would have been pointless. The problem, for Bernard, anyway, lay not only in religious dogma but also in ethnicity.

Well, a resilience **was** there. He worked out the conflict within himself, and he came around. He gave his approval of our marriage and if he ever had any further misgivings he didn't let them show. Indeed, I remember being struck by the fact that, after our wedding, Renée and I received cards and gifts from some of her parents' friends in the temple. Also, a year or so later, on the occasion of my opening performance in my first job as a professional conductor, I received backstage congratulatory telegrams from their temple, the Temple of the Sons of Jacob, of Ozone Park, New York, and from its president.

(I might add here that with our interfaith marriage Renée and I unknowingly set a family trend: of the nine marriages which have since taken place among Bernard's grandchildren, eight have been to non-Jewish or - in one case - partially Jewish spouses.)

During the ensuing years, Bernard could hardly have been a warmer, more caring or more generous father, father-in-law and, later, grandfather, than he was to us. Renée and I moved away from New York in 1948 and, as it turned out, every career move thereafter took us farther and farther away until we ended up in California. The contact with her parents remained close, however, and for a very long time we either visited them every year in New York or they came to see us in our various locations.

Well along in the 1950s, with both of his sons now involved in the family business, Bernard began to ease off on his own work load. For many years he and Esther had taken winter vacations in

Florida. Now they began to extend these and finally, in 1962, they retired permanently to Miami Beach. There they passed almost two decades in an apparently very pleasant and happy retirement. Ever the activist, Bernard busied himself in community affairs and wrote occasional letters to the editor of the Miami Beach Sun, the clippings of which Esther would send to us with such comments as "Drew Pearson, move over!"

In the late 1970s, with the inevitable infirmities of old age overtaking them, and following Bernard's bout of serious illness with pneumonia, they were moved into an apartment in a retirement center which Herb and Renée had located for them. Here they had either full- or part-time care available as needed.

On December 30th, 1979, Renée and I, then living in Fresno, California, received a phone call from her brother: Bernard had suffered a stroke and was paralyzed. Fighting the holiday congestion, we managed to get her on a plane to Miami the next morning.

It had happened late in the night. Bernard had apparently gone to the bathroom and then, on his way back to bed, had been stricken. He was lying in the space between his twin bed and Esther's, where he had possibly crawled trying to reach her. But she, under her own heavy medication, had heard nothing. Bernard had lain there, unable to move, until he was discovered by a nurse the next morning.

He was never to walk again, never to speak again. During the following months he received physical therapy but any benefits were inconsequential. He lay essentially paralyzed for almost exactly a year. During this time Esther was, herself, blind, enfeebled and bedridden, sharing the same room with him in a nursing home.

Renée extended that visit with them to three weeks. It was to be the last time she saw her father. She sat and talked to him by the hour and although he could make no response she felt, from the expression in his eyes, that he knew she was there and that he

was to some degree understanding her.

Bernard died around midnight on the 27th of December, 1980, exactly one month before what would have been his 84th 'adopted' birthday. Renée and I made preparations for her to fly out early the next morning. (I was, as more or less usual, committed to preparations and rehearsals for a pending concert and could not go.) Interior California was then in the grip of one of its very dense ground fogs, common at that time of the year, sometimes paralyzing traffic for days. Calling the airport before setting off to make a 6:30 a.m. flight, we got the word that all flights were canceled and that the airport itself was shut down for an indeterminate time.

Thus it was that Bernard's funeral and burial, on December 30th, 1980, were arranged and attended by a lone mourner - his son Herbert. The burial was at Lakeside Memorial Park in Miami.

Its lonely ending notwithstanding, Bernard's long life was one to be celebrated: the teen-aged immigrant, who came through Ellis Island with little money and no English, had journeyed a long, long way - from the heart of the Pale to a good and productive life in the Golden Land.

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#### D.- E.- F. Renée's Generation and Their Descendants (from 1903).

(This "D" generation covers an unusually wide time span, with birth dates ranging from 1903 to 1923.)

The children of Renée's Aunt Dora (C-1) and Uncle Joseph Schiffman:

D-1) Abraham Schiffman (born 1903)

D-2) Harry Schiffman (1909)

D-3) Sam Schiffman (1911)

- D-4) Herman Schiffman (1913)
- D-5) Florence Schiffman (1915)

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The children of Renée's Uncle Gershon ["Harry"] (C-2) and Aunt Rose Lifschitz, and their descendants:

- D-6) Sally Lifschitz (1904) married  
George Miller. Their child:
    - E-1) Stanley Miller (1925). Sally divorced George  
in 1927 and married  
Martin Schnur. Stanley was legally adopted  
and became  
Stanley Schnur. He married  
Babs (Unknown). Their children:
      - F-1) Laurie Schnur (1955)
      - F-2) Robert Schnur (1958)
- Stanley and Babs divorced and he married  
Suzanne Habib in 1987.

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- D-7) Abraham Lifschitz (born 1906) - changed his name to  
Alan Lippe in 1940 - married  
Eve Golden. Alan lives in Florida. Eve died in 1981.  
Their children:
  - E-2) Karen Lippe (1951) married  
Sanford Lane. Their children:
    - F-3) Jacqueline Lane (1982)
    - F-4) Stephanie Lane (1987)
  - E-3) Marylyn Lippe (1945) married  
Dr. Joel Goldsmith. Their children:
    - F-5) Michelle Goldsmith (1969)

F-6) Jonathan Goldsmith (1979)  
Marylyn and Joel were later divorced.

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D-8) Mildred Lifschitz (born 1910) married  
(Unknown) Gottlieb in 1930. Mildred died of endo-  
carditis in 1932. No children.

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D-9) Herbert Lifschitz (1918) - changed surname to Lippe -  
married

Sylvia Frank in 1940. Their children:

E-4) Barbara Lippe (1942)

E-5) Diane Lippe (1945)

"I didn't want to even think of what my fellow G.I.s would do with the name Lifschitz," Herb said, explaining his change of name upon entering military service in 1942. He took the same surname his older brother, Alan Lippe, had adopted.

We all moved to the Far West at about the same time, Herb and Sylvia and Renée and I, they to Los Angeles in 1960, we to Phoenix in late 1959. We have kept in touch and been good friends ever since. Herb was in the wholesale costume jewelry business when he and his family made the move from New York, but in 1962 he switched careers, going into insurance, first as an agent and later as an independent broker.

When he needs to travel to distant places he must do so either by land or alone because Sylvia steadfastly refuses to set foot in a plane. He still works, on a semi-retired basis, with Sylvia's assistance, from their Santa Monica apartment, and they spend considerable time at a second home in Palm Desert, East of Los Angeles, where he pursues an avid interest in golf. In a re-



cent letter, containing some family information I had asked for, Sylvia suggested I mention that Herb is a great story- and joke-teller, and added, "I think all descendants of the Lifschitz family always had great humor, and loved to laugh."

The children and grandchildren of Herb and Sylvia:

E-4) Dr. Barbara Lippe (born 1942) married Alvin Lee Frank (a coincidence of names - he is not related to her mother's family). They have no children. Barbara is a specialist in pediatric endocrinology and is head of staff and faculty in that department at the University of California, Los Angeles, Medical Center.

E-5) Diane Lippe (1945) married Norman Crocker. Their children:

F-7) Katharine Crocker (1969)

F-8) Glenn Crocker (1972)

F-9) Heidi Crocker (1974)

Diane is a teacher and has been with the Los Angeles Unified School District for more than twenty years. She was divorced from Norman in 1979 and in 1990 married Neil Kerness.

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The children of Renée's Aunt ("Tante") Lena (C-3) and Uncle Morris Lubatkin, and their descendants:

D-10) Abraham Lubatkin (1905) married

Rose Goldberg on 2 April 1933. They live now in Worcester, Massachusetts. Their children:

E-6) Ina Toby Lubatkin (1938) [adopted] married Walter Miller in 1960. No children. Ina died in 1982.

- E-7) Marsha Lubatkin (born 1940) married  
Robert Garfinkel in 1963. Their children:  
F-10) David Garfinkel (1963)  
F-11) Lauren Garfinkel (1966)
- E-8) Michael Lubatkin (1948) married  
Christa (Unknown). They live in Storrs,  
Connecticut. Their children:  
F-12) A son (1972) by Christa's previous  
marriage.  
F-13) Eleah Rachel Lubatkin (1979)

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- D-11) Harry Lubatkin (1907-1985) married  
Belle Frankel (died 1984) in 1931. Their children:  
E-9) Jerome M. Lubatkin (1931) married  
Bernice Klein in 1958. Their children:  
F-14) Mark Lubatkin (1961)  
F-15) Bruce Lubatkin (1963)  
F-16) Jeffrey Lubatkin (1966) married  
Robin (Unknown)
- E-10) Dr. Morris Lubatkin (born 1940) married  
Sylvia Bailey in 1965. Their children:  
F-17) Gail Lubatkin (1967)  
F-18) Stephen Lubatkin (1969)

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- D-12) Michael L. ("Mickey") Lubatkin (1909) married  
Rita Skear in 1937. He was a lawyer and also played  
jazz piano. Their children:  
E-11) Andrea Lubatkin (1946) married  
Frederick Richman in 1970. Their children:

F-19) Lisa Richman (1983)

F-20) David Richman (1987)

E-12) Robin Lubatkin (1952) married

Jim Romanov

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D-13) Frieda Lubatkin (1911) married

Albert Moak in 1932. Their children:

E-13) Marilyn Ann Moak (1936) married

Gary Woghin in 1959. Their children:

F-21) Susan Deborah Woghin (1962)

F-22) Alan Woghin (1965)

E-14) Carol Susan Moak (1940) married

Marshall Adelstein in 1959.

When I began researching the Lifschitz/Lippe/Lipton/Lifton family I asked Renée and other family members where to start looking for information. Everyone said, "Ask Frieda Moak...she has kept up with the family's comings and goings and knows more than anyone else.' So, on a hot midsummer day in 1987, Frieda received a letter from me, her cousin-by-marriage whom she had seen exactly once, in 1975, asking for help. In due time there came from her a multi-page handwritten letter answering all my questions and then some. It provided me with the very backbone of this entire chapter. I was and am profoundly grateful to her.

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D-14) Sylvia Ruth Lubatkin (1915) married

Aaron Harold Zonderman in 1939. Their children:

E-15) Joan Marian Zonderman (1941) married

Ronald Aaris. Their children:

F-25) Michael Aaris (1960)

F-26) Johnny Carlos Aaris (1963-1965)

E-16) Dr. David Zonderman (born 1943) married

Ann Rosenberg. Their children:

F-27) Beth Zonderman (1969)

F-28) Todd Zonderman (1974)

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The children of Renée's Uncle Simon (C-4) and Aunt Anna Lifschitz  
- all of whom changed their surname from Lifschitz to Lipton - and  
their descendants:

D-15) Moe Lipton (1903) married

Adele (Unknown) in 1930. Their child:

E-17) (Unknown - a son) Lipton (1934)

\*\*\*

D-16) Hilda Lipton (1904) married

George Kaplan in 1931. Their children:

E-18) Florence Kaplan (1934)

E-19) Alan Kaplan (1937)

E-20) (Unknown) Kaplan (1940)

George Kaplan died in 1967. Hilda now lives in Brooklyn.

\*\*\*

D-17) Herman Lipton (1909) married

Rose Berger. Their child:

E-21) Eddie Lipton married

Audrey (Unknown). Their children:

F-29) (Unknown) Lipton

F-30) Wendy Lipton

F-31) Adam Lipton

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D-18) Sylvia Ruth Lipton (1915) married  
Isadore Bronfein

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The children of Renée's Aunt Pauline [Pola] (C-5) and Uncle Simon Elkind, and their descendants:

D-19) Adele Elkind (1921) married

David Meyers. Their children:

E-22) Phyllis Meyers (1941) married

Julian Rock. Their children:

F-32) Gregory Evan Rock (1966)

F-33) Jennifer Dawn Rock (1970)

F-34) Darren Michael Rock (1974)

E-23) Robert Meyers (1947) married

Caryl Gelwarg. Their children:

F-35) Lee Renée Meyers (1975)

F-36) Bari Lynn Meyers (1983)

Adele now lives in Florida.

\*\*\*

D-20) Sarah Elkind (1923) married

Irving Blatt. Their children:

E-24) Paula Blatt (1946) married

Lawrence Bayes. Their children:

F-37) Karen Bayes (1970)

F-38) Jessica Bayes (1973)

E-25) Peggy Ellen Blatt (1952) married

Bruce Klang. Their child:

F-39) Chad Klang

Sarah also lives in Florida.



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D-21) Jeannette Elkind (1929) married

Henry Stone. Their children:

E-26) Lewis Ira Stone (1954) married

Michelle (Unknown). Their child:

F-40) Jesse Charles Stone (1987)

E-27) Patti Ann Stone (1967)

E-28) Steven David Stone (1971)

Jeannette now lives in Brooklyn.

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The children of Sam Bernard Lifton (C-6) and Esther Rachel Schwartz Lifton (c-2), and their descendants:

D-22) Herbert Irving Lifton (born 1919) married

Chérie Claire Saltzburg Stern in 1944. Their children:

E-29) Fern Melody Lifton (1946)

E-30) Heather Blair Lifton (1948)

**From where I sit** it does seem as if Renée's brother Herb, himself a man of considerable charm, has led a charmed life, and moved always smoothly and seamlessly from one phase of it to the next. Handsome, of sunny disposition, he had a happy and secure childhood and, as previously related, at his father's insistence successfully worked his way through college, receiving a degree in Business Administration. Then, as World War II began, facing the certainty of being drafted into the Army, he elected instead to enlist in the Coast Guard. Here, a bit of "right place, right time" luck came his way and for the duration of the war he was assigned to admini-

strative work at the Coast Guard Public Relations Office in lower Manhattan, keeping normal office hours. By war's end he had met and married a lovely and highly capable woman, Chérie Stern. Their marriage produced two gifted daughters, each now contributing significantly to the world around her - one as Public Defender for the State of California, the other as a practitioner of perhaps the noblest profession of all, teaching.

For some years after the war Herb worked in the jewelry business of his father-in-law, Harry Stern, in Manhattan, then went into his own father's business, Bernard's Children's Shop, in Brooklyn. Upon the retirement of his father in 1962 he took over the business completely, running it successfully until his own retirement in 1981.

As soon as their daughters were old enough to no longer require her full-time attention, Chérie turned to a professional career of her own, as a hospital administrator. She worked at the Mt. Sinai Medical Center, first for the mental health clinic, then at the Center's school for training doctors in the specialty of psychiatry, on Ward's Island, where she sat in on and passed many of the courses herself. Ultimately she became Administrative Coordinator of the Department of Psychiatry, at Elmhurst, a position she held for 17 years before retiring.

Herb and Chérie live still in the house which they bought about 35 years ago in Flushing, New York. He remains athletic, playing tennis almost every day. She has developed a strong interest in genealogy, spending much time researching and computerizing historical information on their respective families. (Her work has provided me with many dates and facts utilized in this chapter and in the following one, and I am extremely grateful.) Their time is filled with these and other interests, and travels, including winters in Florida and frequent visits with their daughters and grandchildren in Pennsylvania and California.

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The children of Herb and Chérie and their descendants:

E-29) Fern Melody Lifton (born 1946) married

Robert Siegal in 1970. No children. Divorced. She was remarried in 1980 to

Richard Garvey Laethem. Their children:

F-41) David Benjamin Laethem (born 1984) [Adopted]

F-42) Jared Matthew Laethem (born 1986)

Fern and Richard were later divorced.

**After high school**, Fern went first to Plattsburg, New York, State College, didn't like it, transferred to Hunter College in Manhattan and graduated. A period of travel followed, including an extended time in Europe. She married Robert Siegal, a ski instructor, and they moved to California where Fern entered law school and received her degree, with honors, in 1976 from the McGeorge School in Sacramento. The marriage to Robert Siegal came to an end and in 1980 she was remarried to Richard Garvey Laethem, a young business man. In 1984, not having succeeded in having a child of their own, they adopted a son, David Benjamin. Then, in 1986, they had their own son, Jared Matthew. The marriage to Richard ended in divorce and the two sons live with Fern in Carmichael, a suburb of Sacramento.

Her brilliant law career began with some years of general practice, followed by appointment to the Public Defender's staff. Later came an appointment to the District Attorney's staff, followed by further years in private practice specializing in criminal defense, and then her appointment as State Public Defender for California, an office in which she serves with great distinction, having recently been appointed to a second term.

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- E-30) Heather Blair Lifton (born 1948) married  
 William Charles Sutter in 1970. Their children:  
 F-43) Gregory Stuart Sutter (1975)  
 F-44) Jessica Anne Sutter (1978)  
 F-45) Glenn Michael Sutter (1983)

I **remember that** when Fern's newborn sister was named Heather, the family wags had at it: "If there's another child, what'll it be called? - Moss?...Ragweed?" But of course it proved out, as usual with names, that Fern and Heather were exactly right for the individuals involved, and no one could now imagine their being called anything else.

Heather went to SUNY Buffalo (State University of New York at Buffalo), a fateful choice because it was here that she met her husband-to-be, William Charles Sutter. Bill is a distant though direct descendant of John Augustus Sutter (1803-1880), the California frontiersman for whom Sutter Street in San Francisco is named, as well as the town of Sutter's Mill, near Sacramento, where gold was discovered in 1848, precipitating the Gold Rush of 1949.

Upon graduation, both Heather and Bill went into teaching. They settled in the small town of Milan, Pennsylvania, near the border between that state and New York. She teaches fourth grade in a school on the Pennsylvania side while he coaches and teaches manual arts in a high school a short distance away on the New York side.

For a glimpse into their lifestyle, I couldn't hope to do better than to use Heather's own words, gleaned from a couple of recent (1991-1992) holiday notes:

"...We are all great here. The kids are doing very well - 1st honor roll for Greg and Jessica. Greg is in 11th grade, on the swim team, doing very well and is driving already. Jessica is in 8th grade, on the winter track team [and] involved in basketball. Glen is in 3rd grade - he's doing fine - straight A's. We're not too proud, are we? Bill's fine. We celebrated Hanukkah and are

gearing up for Christmas..."

In June, 1991, Renée visited in New York with Herb and Chérie, and the three of them drove down to Milan PA for a weekend at the Sutters'. Her report to me, later, on the visit was glowing: "It was like stepping into a Norman Rockwell painting - pure Americana. Their place sits in a clearing in an enchanted forest. The children are beautiful and wonderful, and they are all so close and happy...!"

#####

D-23) Jerome Howard Lifton (1920-1975) married

Millicent Gabowitz. Their children:

E-31) Donald Evan Lifton (1945)

E-32) Neil Bruce Lifton (1951)

**Keen of intellect**, warm, witty, personable, Renée's brother Jerry, at his best, was assuredly a "best and brightest" in any company. Wherever he was, conversation sparkled and laughter prevailed. But there was a down side to this ebullient personality. Jerry was manic-depressive. His psychosis was to cause the greatest tragedy the Lifton family has known.

As a child he had a fine boy soprano voice and sometimes sang solos at school events. After high school, he went very briefly to Brooklyn College and then dropped out, saying, according to Renée, "Oh, they can't teach me anything!" He went to Baltimore and got a job as a hod-carrier in a construction crew. Soon came the war and he was drafted into the Army. Following basic training and aptitude tests he became a dental assistant, and stayed with this assignment, remaining inside the U.S., for the duration of the war. At his brother Herb's wedding, on February 6, 1944, Jerry proposed to his high school sweetheart, Millicent Gabowitz, and they were married six weeks later. For a time he was stationed at an Army base near Madison, Wisconsin, and Renée remem-



bers going out to visit him and Millie there.

After the war Jerry and Millie, now with their first son, Donald, settled again in Brooklyn and he went to work in his father's store. Although he remained there some years, Jerry and his father never did get along well together in the business and neither was happy. Finally it was decided to open a branch business in the Long Island community of Astoria, to be run primarily by Jerry, older brother Herb having meanwhile come into the main store with their father. The Astoria store did well for a time, then, unfortunately, it failed. Jerry now found work as a manufacturer's representative for a company which provided customized furnishings and equipment for auditoriums, convention halls and other public buildings (chairs, benches, tables, lecterns, and the like). The job involved a certain amount of traveling, and meeting people, and at last Jerry had found work which was congenial to him. He was quite successful and remained with it for the rest of his life.

Millie was a handsome woman with a pretty, open face, broad shoulders and a sturdy physique, a good practical down-to-earth quality, and a fine sense of humor. Also, she had a great big voice which stood her in good stead at Lifton family gatherings where the air often crackled with wisecracks, puns and laughter, and where she held her own, and then some. As soon as her sons were old enough she, like her sister-in-law Chérie, sought and found a career of her own. She became a physicians' receptionist and was for years greatly relied upon and treasured by the doctors for whom she worked, as well as their patients.

To the best recollection of either Herb or Renée, the first manifestation of their brother's illness occurred in his late 20s or early 30s, when he and Millie were contemplating buying a house. As the time to make a decision approached, Jerry became more and more apprehensive and, in Herb's words, he "cracked up", and backed away from buying the house.

This crisis past, things apparently remained on an even keel

for a number of years. Then Renée and I, living in Nashville at that point, heard from her mother that Jerry had gone to his father and told him he felt he needed to check himself into a state psychiatric hospital. Bernard said, "Absolutely Not. I'll find a good private hospital for you."

Here is an excerpt from a letter to us by Renée's mother, dated Wednesday April 16, 1958, in reference to that hospitalization: "I'm sorry I had to hit you with that bad news the other day. Maybe I should not have told you...I was sorry I did it after I called you, but troubles seem easier to bear when they are shared. However, things are looking a little brighter today. Millie saw Jerry yesterday. He has had three shock treatments but hadn't had any since Sunday - which is a good sign. He seemed very natural, not so worried and tense, and spoke about coming home and about the store and family, and made plans as to how he will do when he gets home. He says he must have more mental stimulation and a hobby of some sort, not just work and eat and sleep. Something to take his mind off business only and keep him interested, and to stop worrying about the ills of the whole world. Millie spoke to the psychiatrist she has been consulting and in a week or ten days they will have a consultation with the hospital psychiatrist and decide as to taking Jerry out and perhaps continuing outpatient therapy. So we have to be patient and wait..."

This hospital stay lasted approximately four to six weeks, Jerry coming out just in time to attend his son Donald's bar mitzvah ceremony. Then, again, for many years, he lived an apparently entirely normal and productive life.

On Sunday afternoon, January 26, 1975, Renée and I were at home, then in Fresno, California. She was getting up and around again after recuperating from injuries received in an automobile accident which had occurred two months previously. I had just returned from a guest conducting stint in Manila, P.I. I was literally still unpacking.

The phone rang and Renée picked it up. I heard "Oh, my God!" and she burst into tears. Then, "He killed her?"...I dashed to an extension phone and heard Herb and Chérie telling the terrible story: late that morning Jerry had jumped to his death from a window of his and Millie's sixth-floor apartment. Inside the apartment, police found the body of Millie. She had apparently been struck on the head by a heavy lamp base, and there were also signs of manual strangulation. There was no indication of forced entry. The case was recorded as homicide and suicide.

The Lifton parents, Bernard, now 78, and Esther, 81, were living in Miami and both were in failing health. There was no possibility that they could make the trip to New York. Herb had decided to try to spare them some degree of anguish by telling them simply that Jerry and Millie had been instantly killed in a dreadful traffic accident.

In a little while the grief-stricken Bernard and Esther were on the phone to Renée and me, asking whether we had any information other than what they had been told. We stuck with Herb's story of a traffic accident, and said that we were leaving for New York on the first morning plane and would call them from there.

The next few hours, for us, passed in a flurry of preparations. We phoned our son Eric, then living not far away in Santa Maria, California, with the news, and would inform our daughter Ellen, at a ballet school in Atlanta, later, since it was now getting to be quite late there. While Renée got emergency plane reservations for us, I made arrangements to be covered for some rehearsals and meetings I would miss, and took our dog to be boarded. We did some packing, took sedatives and tried for a few hours of sleep.

It was only on the plane the next morning that there was time for full realization to settle in upon us. Despite all the years of struggle to overcome it, Jerry's manic-depressive psychosis, with this terrible deed far beyond the worst that could have been predicted, had won.

We knew it was not the Jerry we knew and loved, the warm, witty charmer, the "best and brightest", who had done this thing. It was the disease, that horrible disease.

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The children of Jerry and Millie, and their descendants:

E-31) Donald Evan Lifton (born 1945) married

Linda Robinson. Their child:

F-46) Rebecca Robinson Lifton (1984)

**Exceptionally personable** and good-looking as a youngster, Donald was once described, I remember, by his doting Grandma, Esther, as "another John-Boy". Her reference was to a then-current immensely successful television series, "The Waltons", whose leading character, John-Boy Walton, personified an absolute ideal of American youth.

In 1967 Donald received his bachelor's degree from Cornell University's School of Industrial and Labor Relations. A tour of duty in the Peace Corps followed, in which he served as a volunteer in the jungles of Brazil, and as a recruiter and trainer. On August 3, 1969, Esther, then living in Miami, wrote to Renée and me: "We had a wonderful visitor this past weekend. Don came in from Brazil and visited us for a few days. He would have loved to stay a while longer but not having seen his family for two years, he had to go home. He didn't tell us much of his experiences, but he must have gone through plenty of hell. However, he seems to have enjoyed the experience, in spite of dysentery - from the foul water - no kind of enjoyable food except rice and beans, and a beautiful case of asthma. However, he is an idealist, and a real wonderful person."

Next came a master's degree from Pennsylvania State University, in 1973, followed by a return to Ithaca, New York, where he



simultaneously began working for a doctorate at Cornell University and became a faculty member at Ithaca College. The doctorate, in development sociology, was received in 1988. He had meanwhile become a tenured professor at Ithaca College's School of Business, receiving along the way a national teaching award and a local human rights award. Active in community work and regional politics, he has served as a member of the Ithaca County Legislature and on the Tompkins County Board of Representatives. He is currently a member of the Board of Trustees of Cornell University.

His wife, Linda, is a fellow professor at Ithaca College. As of this writing, Don and Linda are separated.

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E-32) Neil Bruce Lifton (born 1951) married

Mary Bao. No children.

**Out of all** the numerous family members on both sides - the Taylors and the Liftons - Renée and I have a unique bond with our nephew, Neil: he, a theater lighting designer, is the only other arts professional.

He studied at the University of Illinois, and lives now at Eastchester, New York, in the northern part of Bronx County. He works, I am told, mostly for small theaters in the region.

His wife, Mary Bao, is a clothing designer. Formerly a buyer, flying frequently to China, Japan and India to obtain materials, she now operates her own designing and manufacturing business.

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D-24) Sylvia Renée Lifton (born 1923) married

IV-1) Guy Taylor. Their children and grandchildren:

V-1) Eric Anthony Taylor (b. 23 October 1950) married Irene Tognazzini in 1970. No children. Divorced. On 17 January 1981 Eric was remarried to

Carol Nathe Ulm. Their children:

VI-1) John Bernard Ulm Taylor (born 26 November 1976), Carol's child by previous marriage, legally adopted by Eric in 1983.

VI-2) Megan Lindsey Taylor (born 16 July 1982).

V-2) Ellen Jane Taylor (born 26 November 1954)

married

Kenji Yokoyama in 1980. No children. Divorced. On 31 December 1991 Ellen was remarried to

Thomas Killin Dalglish. Their child:

VI-3) Hannah Taylor Dalglish (born 29 November 1993).

Tom has two sons by previous marriage:

VI-4) Pablo Januario Silva Dalglish  
(born 1977)

VI-5) Gabriel Camilo Silva Dalglish  
(born 1980), both now living in  
Brazil with their mother.

**I first knew** my wife as "the girl baritone". It was at the Juilliard School of Music in New York, in a Sight-singing class taught by a Ms. Van Horne.

It was in the Fall of 1946.

Sight-singing (also known as "solfeggio" or "solfege") is a required course in all music schools everywhere. It is a form of

ear training, in which the student is required to sing, solo and at sight, exercises designed to train the ear to recognize all musical intervals. The correct singing of an exercise is proof that your ear is "hearing" it accurately. Now in our class most of us were instrumentalists, not singers, and the strained, cracked vocal sounds some of us made often evoked laughter. But it was always kindly, repressed laughter - after all, your turn might be next.

Whenever a Miss Lifton was called upon, someone would invariably murmur, "Ah, the girl baritone!" and someone else would chuckle. For Renée, with her deep, sultry voice, did not trust herself to sing the exercises in the treble range, like the other girls, but dropped them down an octave, as the men did. And, well, it **was** a bit risible, hearing this tiny slip of a girl belting out notes way down there in the bass clef, and I, little knowing what lay ahead, added my own chuckle or two now and again.

A more direct contact came some weeks later. I had been invited, or, more accurately, "allowed" to conduct a student chamber orchestra in a public concert at the school. It was precedent-breaking. Although student instrumentalists and singers were frequently presented in school concerts, student conductors never had been. Orchestral concerts had always been conducted only by faculty. My conducting teacher, Thor Johnson, who was leading this concert, decided he would like to turn one piece on the program over to me, defying what he considered a silly tradition. He had to go all the way up to the school president, William Schuman, for permission to do so, and it created some little stir.

So, on a November evening in 1946, I conducted the Juilliard Chamber Orchestra in Mozart's Divertimento in F, K. 247, at a concert being broadcast live on radio station WNYC, which carried most of Juilliard's concerts. The next day, as I was walking along a crowded corridor between classes, a voice called out "Congratulations, I enjoyed your conducting last night!" It was none other than Miss Lifton, the girl baritone from Sight-singing class.

I was completely surprised. Juilliard is a place of cut-throat competition. Any student coming into any degree of public attention is normally to be glared at, not complimented, by fellow students. [A Juilliard joke: How many Juilliard students does it take to change a light bulb? Answer: 100 - one to change the bulb, the other 99 to tell him or her how much better it could have been done.] Totally pleased, I thanked her, I thought, appropriately.

But not to hear her tell it. "He pulled himself up to his full Olympian height," she would say later, "and, looking down his nose at me, said in a very hoity-toity way, 'Oh, thank you! I'm sooo glad you could come!'" I would point out to her later, in partial self-defense, that I was six feet, two inches tall and she was five-two: how could I possibly look at her in crowded quarters without looking down my nose?

So far, the score was even: minus one to minus one. I had laughed at her singing in class, and she thought I was hoity-toity.

One day a few weeks later I popped over to a drug store across the street from the school for a quick lunch. The semester was ending and I was preoccupied with thoughts of a test I was about to take, as I sat at the soda fountain having a sandwich and coke. I was aware of a bit of flurry as someone slipped out of the seat to my left and someone else took it, but paid no particular attention. Then I heard, "Oh, hi!" and glanced over - into the luminous depths of the most beautiful big, dark eyes I had ever seen, and, why, it was the cute little Miss Lifton from Sight-singing class. Those eyes were dancing behind glasses with bright red frames (she used to lacquer them with red nail polish), and bangs covered her forehead right down to the glasses.

We fell into conversation, in the course of which it developed that she was going to attend a meeting that night, in the Times Square area, of a political group called Young Musician Progressives, or something of the sort, to be chaired by composer Morton Gould. I was interested, not so much in the politics as in

seeing and possibly meeting Mr. Gould, whose music I had been playing and conducting for years. So I asked if I might possibly drop by her place and go to the meeting with her. As we were crossing the street, returning to the school, I had another idea. "How about dinner first?" I suggested, having in mind to take her to one of the several nearby restaurants catering largely to students, where I ate all the time. "Oh, I think not, tonight," she said, under the impression (I found out later) that I was inviting myself to dinner at her place, where she prepared many of her own meals.

And thus we experienced the first of countless lapses in communication which, had we but known, were to come: to this day we can hold entire conversations in which neither of us has the vaguest notion of what the other is talking about.

At any rate, we went to the meeting together and got along famously. A few nights later I took her to see the movie "Les Enfants du Paradis", which had just opened in New York to great acclaim and was indeed to become a classic. This time we did have dinner together first, at a neighborhood restaurant on Broadway at 110th Street, around the corner from Renée's Riverside Drive apartment, and it was the first of very many times we would eat there together. In the theater, as the most natural thing in the world, our hands sought and found each other and remained clasped for the whole evening, and afterwards I didn't remember much about "Les Enfants".

On a later date we went to see Edith Piaf, the great French chanteuse, in her one-woman show on Broadway. It was a Saturday matinee, after which Renée took me to meet one of her greatest friends and most trusted advisors, Alice Gordon, a somewhat older woman who lived in Greenwich Village. It was, I realized, a significant action. By this time we both knew our relationship was to be anything but casual....

Born on the last day of August, 1923, Renée had an entirely



felicitous childhood. As a little girl she seems to have always had the sniffles and there are snapshots of her with a long, flowing handkerchief which she carried constantly, held by one corner, much in the manner of Luciano Pavarotti at his recitals today.

She showed musical talent at an early age and began piano lessons with a beloved teacher, May Etts, with whom she studied until she was in high school. A fond childhood memory is of a trip with Miss Etts and a few other star pupils to an achievement awards ceremony at Carnegie Hall, where the pupils received medals handed out by none other than famed soprano Lily Pons, one of the reigning operatic and concert stars of the day. From the age of 9 or 10, Renée was sent each year to summer camp, this experience extending into her high school years, when she was a counselor and the musical director for a girls' camp on a lake near Hebron, New Hampshire, playing for Jewish services on Friday nights and for Christian services on Sunday mornings. Across the lake was a boys' camp, and every Saturday night the boys rowed over and there was a party.

John Adams High School, in Queens, noted for its music and art programs, was where she spent her high school years, traveling back and forth by elevated train. At school she met an exceedingly gifted fellow piano student, Harriet Wingreen, and began a close friendship which has continued to the present day. Harriet was studying with a fine piano teacher, Stefanie Schehatovich, at the Third Street Settlement School in lower Manhattan and Renée, ready now for a more advanced teacher, switched over to Mme. Schehatovich also.

Through Harriet and the Settlement School connection, Renée came to be part of a large group of close friends, all musicians, who had many wonderful times together during and, as possible, beyond their high school years. They called themselves the "Zombies" and, in retrospect, were quite an impressive group. Harriet herself was to become known as one of New York's finest pianists,



especially in the field of chamber music, and ultimately became principal keyboard player for the New York Philharmonic, a position she still holds. Then there were the di Bonaventura brothers: Sam, the eldest, a fine violinist, eventually moved to Baltimore where he was a teacher and administrator at the Peabody Conservatory of Music, and a music critic for the Baltimore Sun; Mario, the middle brother, spent many years in Paris as a student and as a composer, then returned to New York to become head of serious music publications at the G. Schirmer publishing house, ultimately moving to a teaching/administrative position at Boston University; and Anthony, the youngest, (after whom our son Eric got his middle name) went on to an impressive career as a concert pianist and recording artist, as well as head of the piano department at Boston University. Other friends during Renée's high school years included two theatrical aspirants who are now notables: Jason Wingreen, Harriet's older brother, long a successful movie and TV actor, and Anne Jackson, the stage and screen actress, who grew up in the Liberty Avenue neighborhood near Renée's father's store, in Brooklyn.

Finishing high school, raring to go on to Juilliard and continue her musical studies, Renée first had to confront, as previously related, her father's ultimatum: he would finance her at Juilliard, but first she must take time out, go to business school and then work for at least a year, to demonstrate to him her "seriousness of purpose".

At about the same time Bernard handed his daughter this bitter pill to swallow, he also presented her with the most magnificent gift she could have dreamed of - a beautiful Steinway 6-foot Grand piano. Through the years since, that piano has moved with us from New York City to the shores of the Pacific, with many stops in between. It remains to this day her most treasured material possession.

For the better part of a year following her high school graduation, Renée went to business school. Then came her one-year

career as a working girl, the record of which does not constitute one of the more glorious pages in her life story.

These were war years, and jobs were plentiful. Whenever a job became tedious, or was too boring, she quit and found another one. To the best of her recollection, there were ten or eleven jobs during the year. The shortest was as a timekeeper at Macy's Department Store, where she was fired after three days. Probably the most interesting was the job as a courier for AFTRA (American Federation of Theatrical and Radio Artists), carrying scripts, contracts, etc. back and forth between agency offices and performers at the various network studios. She also worked for lawyers, real estate brokers and, on Wall Street, for the Curb Exchange (now known as the American Exchange).

She kept up her piano lessons during this time, practicing as possible, and attended some evening classes at the New School for Social Research, in Greenwich Village, studying French and Greek Mythology.

Her part of the bargain with her father completed, Renée at last entered the Juilliard School as a full-time student in the Fall of 1944. She was accepted in the class of one of the major piano teachers, Henrietta Michaelson. One problem remained, though - the grueling, approximately two-hour commute (each way!), by subway and elevated train, between her parents' home in Brooklyn, where she still lived, and the school, at 120th Street and Broadway in upper Manhattan. It took some persuading, parents being always grieved at seeing the last child leave home, but finally they consented to her moving near the school. She stayed temporarily with her friend Harriet, who lived with an aunt in an apartment on West 67th Street, then found a studio apartment at 108th Street and Riverside Drive which she shared with another Juilliard student, a soprano. It was a lovely big room with bay windows overlooking Riverside Park and the Hudson River.

It was here that I picked her up on a night in January,

1947, to go to a political meeting downtown....

That Spring of 1947 was eventful and exciting. Our mutual discovery of each other, and each other's world, deepened. I met her parents, her brothers and their wives, and a whole lifetime of friends, including Harriet, of course, and most of the "Zombies". I had no family and only a few friends in New York, but I took her backstage at Carnegie Hall to meet the New York Philharmonic conductor, Dimitri Mitropoulos, with whom I had studied briefly before the war, and introduced her to composer George Kleinsinger, with whom I had worked during the war, as well as my friend and teacher at Juilliard, Thor Johnson, who had just been appointed conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony.

And it was busy...we both carried full loads of work at the school, involving of course considerable practice and preparation time. In addition, Renée did part-time piano teaching at the Bronx Settlement School, and I did some work, obtained through the school Placement Bureau, as a free-lance violist. With the incentive of having more time to spend with her, I found that I was working with greater concentration and efficiency than ever before. To my own surprise, I even made the Dean's List that semester.

Renée and I were the first to recognize that, as a couple, we did not fill the standard prescription for harmonious pairing. We could hardly have been more different.

There was the religious thing - she was Jewish, I, Protestant. She was raised in relative affluence, I in poverty or near-poverty. She grew up in the largest and most sophisticated metropolitan area in the nation, I on the wrong side of the tracks in a small town in the deep South. She was short and dark, I was tall and blond-ish. She was a total extrovert, I strongly introverted. She was merry of heart (her ready, big laugh often rang out in the student lounge at school, and she used to say she majored in Lounge, minored in Lunch), while I was serious, feeling pressured to make up for career time lost during the war, and never went near

the lounge. And on and on...to all appearances we were indeed an odd couple.

But, there was between us a large commonage of shared tastes, perceptions and attitudes. And, above all, there stood one simple fact which obviated any and all differences: we loved each other.

As the 1946-47 school year ended a summer gig, extremely welcome financially, came my way. The pay was modest, but with my wartime savings now almost gone and my GI Bill living allowance ceasing with the end of the school term, I was very nearly dead broke and really needed the job. But it involved my going out of town, and meant for Renée and me a painful two-month separation.

We fretted over this at first, but then decided that instead of letting the separation make us miserable, we would make use of it. Here we were, deeply committed to each other, yet we had met only a few months before. Things had moved very fast. Surely it would be wise to take some time out, stand back and assess, separately, where we were going.

The job was at a small, musically oriented resort, Stonegate Lodge, on Long Lake in the Adirondack Mountains, occupying the buildings and grounds of what was formerly a private summer estate. It was a beautiful place. There were a number of such resorts in the Adirondacks at that time, each vying for customers by offering a celebrity presence as a gimmick. Serving as Stonegate Lodge's gimmick that year was my friend George Kleinsinger, already becoming well-known as a composer, soon to be even more so. He hired me as the violinist, another friend as the 'cellist and, with himself as the pianist, formed a trio which played a full formal concert one night a week. Another evening every week we put on a miscellaneous program with each of us playing a group of solos and with George then performing one of his own works (such as his short opera, "archie and mehitabel") at the piano, narrating and singing all the parts himself. Saturday nights we took part, along with the staff comedian and the staff hypnotist, in a sort of potpourri



entertainment. These events, in addition to presiding over after-lunch record sessions, with the guests sitting or stretched out on the sloping lawn, comprised the extent of our formal duties. Otherwise we were just supposed to mingle with the guests and be pleasant. It was a nice gig.

Late in the summer, Renée came up for a week as a guest at the resort. We spent idyllic hours together, paddling a canoe far out onto that beautiful lake, sitting or lying in the sun on one of its tiny uninhabited islands.

Our hiatus had served us well. We now knew where we were in our relationship and, without any uncertainty, where we wanted it to go: quietly, confidently, with great love, there passed between us those ancient, ever magical words, "Will you marry me?" "Yes, I will."

Back at Juilliard in September, we were radiantly happy but had not the least idea of what might happen next. We were the proverbial impoverished students without so much as the proverbial pot to pee in to our names. Barring some kind of a miracle, it was going to be a long, long engagement.

Well, the miracle happened. One afternoon Mary Davis, director of the Juilliard Placement Bureau, called me into her office. She had had a phone call from a Sister Jeannette, the principal of St. Brendan's Catholic School, in the Bronx, asking if there might be at Juilliard a conducting student available to come up for an hour and a half two afternoons a week to train and conduct their school orchestra. The pay would be \$15 per visit. Would I be interested?

Would I be interested?! I gave Mary Davis a hug that very nearly cracked her ribs. This was the hoped-for miracle.

My GI Bill living allowance would be increased from about \$70 monthly to, as I recall, about \$135 when I married. That increase, with this additional \$120 per month from St. Brendan, plus Renée's earnings as a piano teacher, would put us easily over \$300



per month. That would do it! [Remember, these were 1947 dollars.]

Things moved rapidly now.

Bernard's distress over his daughter's marrying outside the Jewish faith had apparently subsided, but it seemed to the rest of the family and to me that the way might be further smoothed if I honored tradition and formally requested of him her hand in marriage. So a time was set for this to happen.

On the appointed evening we all gathered at Bernard's and Esther's house - brothers Herb and Jerry, their wives Chérie and Millie, and Renée and I. Soon the others excused themselves and withdrew to sit around Esther's kitchen table, which she always claimed was the center of her household, leaving Bernard and me confronting each other in the living room. By this time we knew and liked each other pretty well, and were quite comfortable with the situation. The rest of the family seemed a bit nervous or, at least, curious.

Bernard and I had hardly begun to talk when we were interrupted, first by one brother (supposedly looking for a missing section of the Times but actually spying, as we knew, and hurrying back to the kitchen to report) and then, in a little while, the other (looking for Esther's crossword puzzle pen). Meanwhile we were having an entirely relaxed and amiable discussion. I filled Bernard in on the details (which, actually, he already knew) of what Renée's and my financial situation would be as a married couple, and spoke of professional hopes and aspirations. We talked on, and I came around to the business of the evening, asking his consent to, and blessing upon, our marriage. He replied, affirmatively, in a little speech of his own, wishing us well and welcoming me into the family. We then drifted into general conversation, which we were enjoying, not having had a chance to talk one-to-one before. But a movement of the kitchen door indicated to us that yet another spying mission was on the way, and we headed it off by getting up and going in to join the others.

Over coffee and pastries we all got to work at once on wedding plans. Calendars were brought out and a date was set, only three weeks ahead. It was in the very middle of things for Renée and me, with no possible free time either before or after, but, no matter, we wanted to bring it off as quickly and simply as possible. Chérie and Herb suggested the same Rabbi who had officiated at their marriage, which sounded fine, and then the women began talking clothes and shopping....

Sunday, October 19, 1947, was beautiful - crisp and clear, the Fall leaves in full color, the sort of day which brought to mind the then-current pop song, "Autumn in New York". The wedding was to be a small one with just family members and a few close friends in attendance. It would take place in the study of the distinguished and well-known Reform Rabbi, Louis I. Newman, at his handsome apartment in, as I recall, the West 70s or 80s. It was a large, many-windowed room fronting on the cross-street, with a corner view out over Riverside Drive and the Hudson River. One of its best features was a very fine parquet floor.

Renée and I had met with the Rabbi a few days previously for a talk-through of the ceremony, which was to be Reform Jewish but with some modifications in view of my being Gentile. He was a warm, confidence-inspiring man, seemingly not at all disturbed by the inter-faith aspect of our marriage. As the very climax of the Jewish wedding ceremony, there is the traditional breaking of the glass. A wine glass is placed on the floor and energetically stomped on by the groom, smashing it to smithereens, the symbolism being (in a sort of reverse psychology) that, as the pieces of this shattered glass can never be reunited, so may the union of this couple never be broken. The glass, contained in a brown paper bag, would be deeply scored, Rabbi Newman told me, taking some pains to point out that a light pressure would be sufficient to break it. Obviously, and quite understandably, he had in mind the welfare of his beautiful parquet floor.

Four o'clock, the appointed time, came and all the wedding guests were assembled except two, George and Ruth Kleinsinger. As they were old and close friends of mine, and none of my family was present, it seemed important to wait for them as long as we could. Finally, about fifteen minutes late, they arrived, flustered and apologetic - their wheezy old Plymouth had overheated coming down the West Side Highway and they had had to pull over and wait for its radiator to cool off.

Things got under way. During the wait, Renée had developed a case of the giggles. Nervousness, we supposed. She couldn't stop. When it was time to repeat the vows, hers came out sounding something like "Until death - tee, hee - do-us-part-heh, heh, heh!" Following this, I had to repeat after the Rabbi, phonetically, a few syllables at a time, some sentences in Hebrew, and this sent Renée into further paroxysms of mirth. At last it was time for the breaking of the glass. The Rabbi laid the little brown parcel on the floor in front of me. Remembering his instructions and with due concern for the fine parquet flooring, I placed my foot on the parcel and exerted a moderate pressure.

Not only did the glass not break, it slid out from under my foot and started to skid across the floor. With everyone laughing hilariously, I overtook the glass and gave it a great stomp, causing the paper bag to rupture and little slivers of glass to skitter everywhere. Cheers and bravos. But I did notice that the Rabbi's smile seemed a bit strained.

All this had reduced poor Renée to utter helplessness, so doubled over with laughter that, when it was time to kiss the bride, I had to bend far, far over to reach her face.

We all adjourned to the mid-town restaurant where our wedding supper was to be held. The party was a jolly one, everyone seeming genuinely happy for Renée (now over her giggles) and me. There were presents to be opened, and wine and dinner and the traditional wedding cake. A disappointment was that there were no

wedding pictures...a photographer who had been engaged did not show up. A few days later, Renée and I put on the identical clothes we had worn at the wedding, went to a photographer's studio and had a portrait made - our sole "wedding" picture.

The morning after our wedding I had my major class of the week at Juilliard - a three-hour conducting session. After a mad dash I made it, barely, rushing up, panting, on the dot of nine o'clock, to find some fellow students clustered outside the classroom door.

"What's this, Taylor," someone said, "had a big weekend, did you?"

"Oh," I replied, in the most casual tone I could possibly muster, "I got married yesterday."

"WHAT?!" they shrieked. "MARRIED?" "YESTERDAY?" Few of them had known anything about it.

Then one of the group said, "Congratulations, you're in luck. You have an entire free morning for your honeymoon!" And he stepped to one side, indicating a notice posted on the classroom door:

#### TODAY'S CLASS IS CANCELED

DUE TO THE ILLNESS OF [the teacher] MR. SCHENCKMAN.

And so we were married.

As of this writing, it is almost half a century later. We have two children, two grandchildren and three step-grandchildren. We have had our full share of joys and sorrows, of good times and bad times, of triumphs and tribulations. On balance, I believe we can look back and know, gratefully, that this oddly-matched pairing of ours can aptly be summed up in those time-honored words:

"And They Lived Happily Ever After."



## CHAPTER IV

### THE DYRNARTSKY (COHEN) AND SCHWARTZ FAMILIES

The words "little is known", or their equivalent, will be a recurring **leit motif** in this chapter. These are small families and there are few living relatives to turn to for information. In addition, records are scarce and dates are sometimes questionable. A brother and sister claim, for instance, on various certificates, to have been born in the same year - 1870 - and they are not twins. Possible, of course, but more likely it is an error in the records.

#### The Locale

Russia is given as the country of origin of these families on all extant American records. But Renée remembers being told as a child that her maternal grandfather's birthplace was Poland and her grandmother's either Lithuania or Latvia. Actually, both sources may be correct. Part of Poland and what is now Lithuania, along with a vast other territory, formed the "Pale of Settlement", an area which was ceded to Russia in the late 18th century (see again the opening of Chapter III). It was from within the Russian Pale that Renée's maternal ancestors sprang, just as did the forebears on her father's side, the Lifschitz family.

We know that these maternal ancestors arrived in the United States several years earlier than any of the Lifschitz family. The 1893 New York City Directory lists Harris Schwartz (Renée's maternal grandfather) as a tailor, living at 237 Delancey Street in Manhattan, whereas we know that the first of the Lifschitz family arrived in 1900 or 1901. Both families settled in either lower Manhattan or in Brooklyn, and to this day the descendants of both remain principally in the Greater New York area, with some having spread out to New Jersey, Florida, upstate New York, New England,



Pennsylvania, California and Washington.

a. Renée's Great-grandparents' Generation (from circa 1840):

a-1) Abram Dyrnartsky (born ca. 1840) married

Esther Gordon. Their children:

b-1) Israel Dyrnartsky (born 1870)

b-2) Oscar Dyrnartsky (born in the 1870s)

b-3) Ida Dyrnartsky (born in 1865 or in 1870)

[Renée's maternal grandmother]

**When she married** Jacob Lifschitz in 1914, Ida stated on the marriage certificate that her birthplace was Korno, Russia. No trace of a town called Korno is to be found in any atlas I have been able to locate, raising the possibility of a misprint on the certificate. There exists a town of Gorno-Altaysk, in far-off Siberia, but this seems extremely unlikely as a seat for this family. My best guess is that the town where they lived is probably Kolno, now in Poland. At the time of Ida's birth it lay within the Pale of Settlement and was considered Russian. It is 85 miles northeast of Warsaw, about 75 miles west of the present border of White Russia (Belarus), and 60 miles due south of Lithuania. I repeat, this is only a 'best guess' on my part.

#####

b. Renée's Grandparents' Generation from 1865 or 1870):

b-1) Israel Dyrnartsky (1870) - changed surname to Cohen,  
given name to Enoch - married

Fanny Wolf - her name shows as Mamie Wolf in some  
records; her original Hebrew name was Faga Tova -  
Their child:

c-1) Esther Rose [Ester Rokel] Cohen (1895)

**It is not known** just when Israel/Enoch and his siblings, Oscar and Ida, changed their surname from Dyrnartsky to Cohen. Probably it

happened at the time of their immigration to the United States. The version, "Cohn", is given on some records but "Cohen" seems to predominate. On his daughter Esther's birth certificate, Israel/ Enoch's age is stated as 25, which gives us 1870 as his birth year. He was a tailor and the family lived at 34 Humboldt Street, Brooklyn. The date of his death is not known.

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b-2) Oscar Dyrnartsky (born in the 1870s) - changed surname to Cohen, or to Devine (sources differ) - married Tillie (Unknown). They had no children.

**Renée has one**, and only one, clear memory of these relatives: when she and her brothers, as children, were taken occasionally to call on Great-uncle Oscar and Great-aunt Tillie at their home in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, he would always at some point during the visit take up a boxing stance in the center of the room and proceed to give the boys some pointers on the manly art of self-defense.

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b-3) Ida Dyrnartsky (born 1865 or 1870, died 1940)  
- changed surname to Cohen - married  
Harris Schwartz (1869/70-1907/8). Their child:

c-2) Esther Rachel Schwartz (1894-1982)

After becoming a widow Ida married, in 1914,

B-2) Jacob Mordechai Lifschitz (qq.v.), thus becoming the stepmother of (C-1) Dora, (C-2) Gershon, (C-3) Lena, (C-4) Simon, (C-5) Pauline and (C-6) Sam Bernard Lifschitz.

OR, as Renée put it in an identifying caption she wrote under Jacob's picture in our photo album, [This

is] "my father's father who married my mother's mother  
(her second husband). HUH?"

At the time of her daughter Esther's birth, in 1894, Ida gave her age as 24, making 1870 her year of birth (the same as her brother Israel/Enoch's). But when she married Jacob Lifschitz, in 1914, she stated her age on the marriage certificate as 49, which would have made 1865 the year of her birth. Nowhere is there a clue as to which date is correct.

We know that Ida immigrated to the United States around 1890 but do not have the date of her marriage to Harris Schwartz. The earliest record to be found on him is in the previously mentioned New York City Directory for 1893, listing him as a tailor living at 237 Delancey Street in the Lower East Side section of Manhattan. Next, from 1894, we have the birth certificate of their daughter, Esther, Renée's mother. On it, Harris Schwartz's age is given as 24, implying a birth year of 1870, and his place of birth as Russia (conflicting with Renée's childhood memory of being told that he was born in or near Warsaw, Poland). At the time of Esther's birth Harris and Ida lived still at the Delancey Street address.

An elegantly engraved and floridly signed certificate in the family records declares Harris Schwartz to be a citizen of the United States on "this 1st day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and three and of our Independence the one hundred and twenty-eighth." His place of residence is now given as Brooklyn. A photograph dating from about this time shows him as quite a handsome young man stylishly turned out in a formal dress suit, which he very likely tailored himself. His face is open, frank, even-featured, his dark hair is smoothly brushed down but not slicked, and he sports a rather dashing moustache.

But, alas, Ida and Esther were to lose their good-looking, apparently successful young husband and father at a tragically early age. He became a sudden victim of a flu epidemic. His death certificate, #9593, dated 1908, exists in family records, giving

his age as 39 and his address as 21 Cork Street, Brooklyn.

In May, 1991, Renée stood at the site of her Grandfather Harris Schwartz's grave at a Lodge cemetery (Abraham Schildkraut Lodge No. 90, I.O.B.A.) in Maspeth, New York, on Long Island, and photographed it. This was during a visit with her brother and sister-in-law, Herbert and Chérie. Ardent family researcher and archivist that she is, Chérie had located the site. A handsome gravestone, inscribed in Hebrew and in English, bears the legend:

HARRIS

SCHWARTZ

Beloved Father

Died May 8, 1907

Age 38 Years

giving us, again, a discrepancy of dates, between the death certificate and the gravestone, with no clue to be found anywhere as to which is correct....

Esther was just junior high school age at the time of her father's death and we know that, very much to her regret, she had to leave school and start working in order to provide some income for Ida and herself. The next few years must have been very difficult ones for them.

But then - was it romance or was it convenience or was it some combination of both? - Ida met, was wooed by and married, in 1914, Jacob Lifschitz. Their household, at 1008 Myrtle Avenue in Brooklyn, consisted of the newly-wedded pair and Esther, now 20 years old. All of Jacob's children were at this point married and off on their own except the youngest son, Sam Bernard, who had just recently immigrated from Russia and was living and working at his brother Simon's. After some time Bernard left his brother's employ for other work, and came to live at his father's, along with his new stepmother and new stepsister, who was of course not a blood relative. The proximity had its effect: before long Bernard and Esther had fallen in love and the rest is history - the Lifton

family history.

The next record we have of Ida is that of her second widowhood. On 25 May 1925, Jacob died of a coronary thrombosis. He is buried at Washington Cemetery in Brooklyn - the site, again, sought out and recently visited by Herbert and Chérie Lifton. The headstone reads: "In Memory of My Beloved Husband and Our Dear Father, Died May 25, 1925, Age 72 Years. At Rest."

In the late 1930s, then almost totally blind, Ida came to live with the Lifton family, spending the last years of her life there. Photographs from the time show her as a rather frail, white-haired, sweet-looking lady. Her death came on the 9th of March, 1940, at Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, its cause given as arteriosclerotic heart disease and bronchopneumonia. She was buried at Montefiore Cemetery at St. Albans, Queens.

Renée remembers that they called Ida by a pet name, "Bubby" (derived from a Russian word for grandmother, 'babushka'). Herb said of her, "She was a fine Granny, always very good to us."

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c. - d. - e. - f. Renée's Mother's Generation (from 1894) and Descendants:

c-1) Esther Cohen (1895) [Renée's mother's 1st cousin] married Milton Louis Goldworm. Much later, as a widow, she married Aron Wynsoker. She now lives in Florida. Her children (with Goldworm) and Descendants:

d-1) Jerome Paul Goldworm (born 1916) married Marjorie Forsythe. Their children:

e-1) Michael Goldworm (1939) married Jeania (Unknown). Their children:

f-1) Wayne Goldworm

f-2) Bruce Goldworm



after divorcing Jeania, Michael married

Nancy (Unknown). Their child:

f-3) Brandi Nicole Goldworm

\*\*\*\*

d-2) Charles Goldworm (1920) married

Isabel Shipkin. Their children:

e-2) Linda Goldworm (1954)

e-3) Cathy Goldworm (1959)

\*\*\*\*

d-3) Vivian Goldworm (1924) married

Sherman Morton Goldsmith. Their children:

e-4) Dean Goldsmith (1948) married  
Gene Glatter

e-5) Michelle Lois Goldsmith (1951) married

Andrew Gonzales. They later divorced. Their child:

f-4) Mitchell Eugene Gonzales  
(1957)

e-6) Fred Robert Goldsmith (1955) married  
Debra Strauss. Their children:

f-5) Louis Seth Goldsmith (1986)

f-6) Genifer Elaine Goldsmith  
(1989)

f-7) Gary Hal Goldsmith (1991)

**Vivian Goldworm Goldsmith** is the only contemporary member of this side of her family that Renée has known. These two second cousins saw each other from time to time as girls and have kept somewhat in

touch through the years. Vivian and her husband Sherman, a retired electrical contractor, live in Woodbridge, New Jersey, and have a second home on the island of St. Maarten, in the Netherlands Antilles, where they spend a considerable portion of their time. They sometimes, in summertime, drive cross-country from New Jersey to Vancouver, B. C., where they visit relatives, stopping enroute in Seattle to see Renée and me.

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c-2) Esther Rachel Schwartz (1894) [Renée's mother] married

C-6) Sam Bernard Lifton (originally Lifschitz). Their children and descendants (a repeat listing to indicate their place in this line of succession):

D-22) Herbert Irving Lifton (born 1919) married Chérie Claire Saltzburg Stern. Their children:

E-29) Fern Melody Lifton (b. 1946) married

Robert Siegal. No children. Divorced. She was remarried to Richard Garvey Laethem. Their children:

F-41) David Benjamin Laethem  
(b. 1984) [Adopted]

F-42) Jared Matthew Laethem  
(b. 1986)

Fern and Richard later divorced.

E-30) Heather Blair Lifton (b. 1948)  
married

William Charles Sutter. Their children:

- F-43) Gregory Stuart Sutter  
(b. 1975)
- F-44) Jessica Ann Sutter  
(b. 1978)
- F-45) Glenn Michael Sutter  
(b. 1983)
- D-23) Jerome Howard Lifton (b. 1920) married  
Millicent Gabowitz. Their children:
  - E-31) Donald Evan Lifton (b. 1945)  
married  
Linda Robinson. Their child:
    - F-46) Rebecca Robinson Lifton  
(b. 1984)
  - E-32) Neil Bruce Lifton (b. 1951)  
married  
Mary Bao. No children.
- D-24) Sylvia Renée Lifton (b. 1923) married
- IV-1) Guy Watson Taylor. Their children:
  - V-1) Eric Anthony Taylor (b. 1950)  
married  
Irene Tognazzini. No children.  
Divorced. Eric was remarried to  
Carol Nathe Ulm. Their children:
    - VI-1) John Bernard Ulm Taylor  
(b. 1976) [Adopted by  
Eric]
    - VI-2) Megan Lindsey Taylor  
(b. 1982)
  - V-2) Ellen Jane Taylor (b. 1954)  
married  
Kenji Yokoyama. No children.  
Divorced. Ellen was remarried to  
Thomas Killin DalGLISH. Their

child:

VI-3) Hannah Taylor Dalglish

(b. 1993)

Thomas Dalglish has two sons by previous marriage, now living with their mother in Brazil:

VI-4) Pablo Januario Silva

Dalglish (b. 1977)

VI-5) Gabriel Camilo Silva

Dalglish (b. 1980)

I asked Renée to sit down and write me something about her mother - even one paragraph - anything. After complaining bitterly, and erroneously, "Oh, God, I can't write!", this is what she wrote:

"Esther Schwartz - born on the Lower East Side in New York. She went to public school (graduated) and then I believe she had to work. I think she worked as a bookkeeper.

"My mother worked hard all of her married life, helping my father in the store.

"She loved the theater and went as often as possible. She was fond of reading and also did crossword puzzles."

I could leave it at that. Maybe I should. But there are some details that might be filled in.

When Esther was two or three years old she tumbled down a flight of stairs and broke her nose. Her mother, Ida, didn't take her to a doctor and the nose was left with some degree of permanent misalignment. Esther carried resentment of this far into later life.

After her father died, when she was 14, she had to go to work and miss high school. This hurt her very much. She longed for a better education. She was an avid reader, and on her own developed excellent penmanship and achieved very good grammar - indicating a lot of effort on her part to make up for the lack of further schooling. She was to become a competent bookkeeper, prob-

ably through on-the-job experience rather than formal training.

Photographs made in her late teens and early twenties show a young woman of arresting presence and independence of spirit, prideful of her heritage - "like a Jewish princess" is how Renée describes her in some of them. Esther was 20 when her mother married Jacob Lifschitz (B-1) in 1914. At this time of mass immigration, first-generation Americans (which she was) found themselves better positioned than more recent immigrants. There was even perhaps a bit of condescension in the way they perceived new arrivals, like San Bernard Lifschitz, her new step-brother, who was to become her husband. A bit older than he, a native English-speaking American, raised on the turbulent streets of Lower East Side New York, she must have been a tower of strength for him in the early years of their marriage. Then, when he came into his own as American citizen and business man, she became the able lieutenant and partner, easily responsible for a considerable share of his eventual success.

The child-rearing years, overlapping as they did into the Great Depression, of course placed double demands upon her. As a matter of economic and business necessity, she had to work essentially full-time at the store (Bernard's Children's Shop) while seeing to the care of Herb, Jerry and Renée and managing the household.

Supervision of the children was strict. They were required to report in at the store immediately after school each day, and their whereabouts were always known. Renée remembers having a running charge account at Nathan's Delicatessen, near the store, where she could go and charge her lunches (there were no school lunches then) or afternoon snacks. Much of the time there was domestic help at home. A girl named Jenny was with the family for a long time as housekeeper and daytime supervisor of the children.

An important escape and release for Esther was, as previously mentioned by Renée, the theater. For many years she saw every



Broadway production she possibly could, usually at matinees, going sometimes alone, sometimes taking Renée when that was feasible. Another relaxation, as she grew older, was to spend an occasional week or two out in the country at what were called, variously, health farms or milk farms or fat farms, where middle-aged ladies were put through a rigorous schedule of dieting, exercising and massage, with time time off allowed for resting and reading and games of mah jong. Usually, clients came away refreshed and a few pounds lighter. It was while she was at one of these health farms, located upstate in the vicinity of Croton-on-Hudson, that I met both Esther and Bernard for the first time.

On a Sunday in the early Spring of 1947, driving in from Brooklyn, Renée's father picked us up at her apartment on Riverside Drive and we headed north up the Hudson Valley in his maroon Dodge sedan. The exchange of how-do-you-do's between Bernard and me had of course been cordial, but there was more than a hint of tension in the air. I already knew of his concern over the fact that she was bringing around an obviously serious boy friend who was not Jewish. At the same time, there was also the awareness, all around, that at our respective ages of 24 and 27, Renée and I were not going to be easily stopped if and as our relationship progressed towards marriage.

All this considered, the trip that day went along smoothly enough. In the car, Renée and her father chatted mainly of family matters, both of them bringing me into the conversation when they could find a way to do so. Also, this was my first time to see the handsome upstate scenery we were driving through, and I was admiring and asking questions about it.

A couple of days previously I had happened to mention to a friend at school that I was going to be meeting my girl friend's parents during the weekend. He reminded me of a famous quote from Oscar Wilde, the one that begins "All women become like their

mothers..." Those words were fresh in my mind, then, as I was introduced to Esther, my potential mother-in-law.

Right away, I liked what I saw. She was an original, absolutely straightforward and up-front. She had the customary social graces, of course, but there was no trace, not one hint, of pretentiousness about her. What you saw was what you got. With a quick wit, her mind sharp as a tack, totally outspoken, she was simultaneously refreshing and challenging to meet. I found myself actually hoping that Mr. Wilde's aphorism would prove correct in this case.

(I am happy to report, these many years later, that it did.)

Our sister-in-law, Chérie Lifton, has told us of her first meeting with Esther. It had taken place a few years earlier, during the war, and, coincidentally, occurred at a health farm, a different one, where Esther was then a guest. Herb and Chérie drove up to the entrance, where his mother awaited them, and got out of the car. Herb had honored the occasion by wearing his full-dress Coast Guard uniform which, as it happened, Esther had not seen before. Something about it, especially the headgear, I believe, struck her the wrong way - she didn't like it. So the first words Chérie ever heard her future mother-in-law say, as she stepped out to greet them, were "Herb, you look like a horse's ass in that get-up!"

Nothing quite so anecdotal happened that Sunday afternoon when I met Esther. We all walked about the grounds for a bit, finally sitting in some big wooden lawn chairs under a stand of trees. On either side were green pastures rolling off into the distance, with here and there a few scattered cows. We talked the afternoon away. Afterwards, Renée and I felt it had been a good first meeting. I remember having the impression that her parents might turn out to be not just automatic in-laws but friends as well. And that is how it worked out in the years ahead.

Esther has figured so prominently in the writings about

other members of her family that there is little left to say about her in any 'historical' sense. But there are the many personal memories - big ones and little ones....

When she took Renée as a little girl on her first train trip, Esther taught her these lines, sung to the tune of Dvorak's "Humoresque":

"Passengers will please refrain  
From flushing toilets while the train  
Is standing in the station, I love you ---"

Early in my career, on a birthday, she gave me an elegant fountain pen, advising "Use it in good health - and to sign a great new contract for a lot more money." (I did.)

She came out to Ohio to be with us for the birth of our first child. It was a C-section delivery and, at the hospital, instead of making Esther and me wait in the expectant fathers' waiting room (this was long before fathers were allowed anywhere near the birth scene), they let us wait in a sun parlor near Renée's room. We paced the floor, both of us nervously puffing away at cigarettes (this was 1950, and smoking was 'o.k.'). When at last a nurse came from surgery with the news that we had a fine son and grandson and that Renée was doing splendidly, Esther burst into tears of joy and relief - as she did again a little later when we were able to see Eric for the first time through the nursery window. I won't forget the comfort and companionship of her presence there with me.

Two years later, in my second season as conductor of the Nashville Symphony, Esther came and spent a week with us. Following the concert that week, which was the season opener, there was a huge formal reception. While I, still very much on duty, circulated among the guests, Renée was introducing her mother around the room. They came to the chairman of the symphony board of directors, a very prominent, very wealthy and, yes, somewhat pompous man who had almost singlehandedly sparked the formation of the orches-

tra several years earlier. Renée introduced him to her mother, adding "And, Mother, he founded the orchestra!" Of course she had without thinking handed her mother, long an adept punster and master of the one-liner, an absolutely irresistible set-up. Back shot her rejoinder, "Yeah?? Where'd he find it?" "Omgod," I gasped, when Renée told me this later (after all, the chairman was my boss), "how did he respond to that?" "Well," she said, "first he gave a sort of sputter. Then he laughed."

About this time, with all their children married and with families of their own, Esther and Bernard made a move to a new, very handsome smaller apartment in Forest Hills, Queens. In the process they discarded a lot of old furniture and bought many new things. Asked by one of her daughters-in-law what the decorating motif of her new apartment was to be, Esther replied, "Oh, it'll be in Forest Hills Jewish Renaissance."

She made a hilarious story of this event: very late one night, in the new apartment, she thought she heard something stirring out in the living room and she nudged Bernard awake, asking him to go investigate. Well, according to her, he took a great deal of time finding and putting on first one slipper and then the other, then carefully arranging his two or three wisps of hair across his bald head, then getting into his robe and tying the sash "just so, so he would look nice for the burglar." During all of this, she is urging "For God's sake, Bernie, go! - before the thief takes everything and gets away!" Of course it turned out there was no burglar at all, but she loved to tell the story of how her "hero" rose to that occasion.

Our daughter, Ellen, multi-gifted in the arts, had a hard time in her later high school years trying to decide which way to go after she graduated. Should it be music? Visual arts? Ballet? Writing? Renée described this time of indecision to her mother as "Ellen trying to find herself," and thereafter, for many months, whenever Esther would telephone our house one of her questions was



sure to be "And has Ellen found herself yet, or is she still looking?"

Around the mid-50s Esther announced to all concerned that after 30 years of working, either full- or part-time, in the family business, she was now going to retire to a life of leisure. This of course meant more time for her favorite pastimes of crossword puzzles, reading, theater-going and the game of mah jong, which she played with a group of ladies who met more or less regularly.

The following story is sworn to be absolute truth by our sister-in-law, Chérie Lifton.

Esther's mah jong group met at a different member's house each time. She had noticed, to her disgust, how some of the ladies surreptitiously gave each house a critical once-over, sizing up the quality of furniture and china and decor. A few would even go so far as to sneak a peek at the manufacturer's crestmark on the bottom of a cup or plate while the hostess was out of the room. One day, the group met at Esther's house. Having served refreshments, she made a point of leaving the room for a few minutes, on some pretext. Returning, she must have hugely enjoyed studying her guests' faces to discover who had been peeking. For, on the bottom of each plate she had printed "THIS PLATE MADE OF SHIT".

With Esther now retired and with Bernard easing up on his workload at the store, they came into an apparently very relaxed and tranquil period of their lives. They flew to Nashville in May, 1955, to visit us and see their new granddaughter, Ellen. Their sojourns in Florida, where they had for years spent the winter months, became more extended. In 1960 they came to see us in yet another location, Phoenix, where I had just become conductor of that orchestra. Ironically, during that visit, to a desert area famous for its healthful climate, Esther was stricken with an attack of extremely painful arthritis, and had to be put on the plane in a wheelchair for the return trip home. That was, I believe, the last of their long journeys, although they continued to



make the relatively easy plane commute between New York and Miami.

Upon the full retirement of Bernard in 1962, they closed out their New York household and moved permanently to Florida, taking an apartment in Miami Beach. They loved the location and the climate, renewed old friendships and found new ones, and busied themselves with community and social activities. They were to enjoy this lifestyle for quite a few years before the aging process began to slow them down.

I remember a time in late August of 1965 when we were all in New York simultaneously. Renée, Eric, Ellen and I were in transit from Bar Harbor, Maine, back home to Phoenix. We had taken a family suite in a residence hotel to spend a few days showing Eric and Ellen some of the famous New York landmarks and museums. Bernard and Esther were in town, visiting at either Jerry's or at Herb's, and one night we all met for a big family party, assembling at our hotel on West 57th Street, then moving on to a nearby restaurant for dinner. It was a fine and jolly evening.

It was to be the last time we were ever all together.

In the 1970s Esther's vision began to deteriorate. Several factors contributed to this, rather than a single cause. There was a diabetic condition resulting in some optic nerve damage. Then there were cataract surgeries and two corneal transplants, but nothing succeeded in slowing down the onset of blindness, which was to become total within a few years.

These notations in Bernard's handwriting, found among some diary-type entries in an old ledger, refer to the corneal surgeries:

"Aug 26/74

Dr. Sanders operated

Esther's Eye Monday evening she spent the night  
and all day Tuesday.

Wednesday morning checked her out and asked to  
bring her to his office after examination by two

more doctors it was decided to operate again as something was overlooked during the first operation. Well nothing helped and she lost complete sight of her eye."

The year of 1975 brought to Esther and Bernard an appalling sorrow - the tragic death of son Jerry and his wife Millie (D-23) - and a great happiness - the birth of their first great-grandchild, Gregory (F-43), to Granddaughter Heather and Bill Sutter (E-30). Some time later the Sutters were set to take a trip to Miami, bringing the child for the great-grandparents to see, but Esther had to call off this visit because of health problems. So she and Bernard never saw even one of their great-grandchildren.

On May 11, 1978, Esther and Bernard celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary.

In April of 1979 Renée and I were in San Juan, Puerto Rico, where I was guest conducting the Puerto Rico Symphony. Late one night there was a phone call from her brother Herb: Bernard was hospitalized, seriously ill with pneumonia. The next morning, since I had to be in rehearsal, the orchestra manager took Renée to catch the first plane to Miami.

During the next three weeks, while Bernard was recovering, she and Herb did a great deal of research and found an apartment in a retirement center, where full care was available as needed, for their parents. Upon Bernard's release from the hospital, he and Esther were moved in, and their Miami Beach household - their last "home" - to Esther's great sorrow, was closed out.

In December of that same year, 1979, Bernard suffered the stroke which put him into a coma for the remaining months of his life. Again Renée and Herb searched, and found a full-care nursing home into which both parents were moved as soon as it was possible for Bernard to be transferred from the hospital. At this point Esther was blind, able to distinguish only light and shadow in one eye, and essentially helpless. Renée said that following Bernard's

death on December 27, 1980, Esther "hardly seemed to know that he wasn't still there."

Esther's health difficulties compounded. In addition to the diabetes there also developed heart and circulation problems, the latter causing a threat of gangrene in one leg which had to be removed to prevent her immediate death. She could have known nothing of this, as she was in a comatose state, in which she was to remain. But, obviously, there was a powerful life force there that just didn't want to quit.

On May 13, 1982, an embolism occurred, putting her into a yet more critical condition. After hours on the phone to the nursing home and to each other, Renée and Herb met at their mother's bedside on the 21st. They stayed for eight days, during which Esther never gave any sign of knowing they were there. Renée returned home on May 29th.

Esther always called herself a fatalist. I remember hearing her express more than once her belief that when your number came up you would go, no matter what, and if it wasn't up you wouldn't, no matter what.

Her number came up on the 2nd of June, 1982, when she simply slept away at about 6 o'clock in the evening. She was 88½ years old. She had given it quite a go.

Having left there only three days previously, and with the full concurrence of her brother, Renée did not return to Miami for the funeral. She had made her farewell with her mother, and would grieve in her own way and in her own time. So Esther was laid to rest, as had been Bernard before her, with a single mourner in attendance, their first-born, Herbert. She was placed beside her husband at Lakeside Memorial Park in Miami.

I confess that while writing these last pages about Esther I have felt more than once that she herself, with the years and the illnesses fallen away, looking as she used to, long ago, was right behind me, looking over my shoulder to make sure I got it right.

If she really were there, I know exactly what she would say at this point, and I am going to use those words to conclude not only this chapter but the entire project. She would take one look at all these pages and pages of names and dates and code identifications and miniature biographies, and she would say,

"Oy vay!...so enough already!"

## APPENDIX I

### CHART OF GENEALOGICAL DESCENT From my Great-grandfather to my Grandchildren

#### AND INDEX OF PERSONS (Bracketed number indicates page where principal information on that person begins)

#### TAYLOR FAMILY - Paternal Side

- I - William S. Graham (born ca. 1840) [2]
  - m Frances Lonergan
- II - Minnie Frances Graham ["Taylor Mama"] (1871) [4]
  - m William Thomas Taylor
- III - Stokely Brackston [Brack] Taylor (1894) [16]
  - m Ola Mae Shaw
- IV - Guy Watson Taylor (1919) [33]
  - m Sylvia Renée Lifton
- V - Eric Anthony Taylor (1950) [33]
  - m Irene Tognazzini. Divorced.
  - m Carol Nathe Ulm
- VI - John Bernard Ulm Taylor (1976) [Adopted] [33]
- VI - Megan Lindsey Taylor (1982) [33]
- V - Ellen Jane Taylor (1954) [33]
  - m Kenji Yokoyama. Divorced.
  - m Thomas Killin Dalglish
- VI - Hannah Taylor Dalglish (1993) [3]. Tom has two sons by previous marriage:
- VI - Pablo Januario Silva Dalglish (1977) [33]
- VI - Gabriel Camilo Silva Dalglish (1980) [33]  
now living with their mother in Brazil.
- IV - Ola Louise Taylor (1922). Died in infancy. [33]
- IV - Stokely Fred Taylor (1924) [34]
  - m Mary Farrow
- V - Cheryl Renée Taylor (1948) [34, 36]
  - m Jerry Powell. Divorced.
  - VI - Mark Taylor Powell (1968) [34]
  - VI - Christopher Todd Powell (1970) [34]
  - m Warren Overton
- III - Gertie Mae [Gert] Taylor (1896) [21]
  - m Al Blewster
- IV - Alvin Blewster (1915) [39]
  - m Magdalene (Unknown). Divorced.
  - m Helen Drummond
- V - Elizabeth Blewster (ca. 1966) [40]
- IV - Warren Davis [Buddy] Blewster (1919) [37]
- Gert married Frank Moore after being widowed.
- III - Arthur Taylor (1898) [23]
  - m Lona Houston
- IV - Doris Taylor (early 1920s) [41]
  - m twice, widowed twice.



- V - "3 or 4" children
- IV - Allie Joe Taylor (early 1920s) [41]
  - m (Unknown)
  - V - son and daughter
- IV - Ray Taylor (1920s) [41]
  - m (Unknown)
  - V - 3 children
- IV - Rogers Taylor (1920s) [41]
  - m (Unknown)
  - V - 2 sons
- IV - Lila Jean Taylor (late 20s) [41]
  - m Aaron Cole
- IV - Louise Taylor (late 20s) [41]
- III - Carl Taylor (1901) [23]
  - m Jessie Webb
  - IV - Inez Taylor (1920s) [41]
    - m (Unknown)
    - V - 2 children
  - IV - Evelyn Taylor (1920s) [41]
    - m Jack Cates. Divorced.
    - m (Unknown) Cartee
    - V - "2 or 3" children"
  - IV - Dwight Taylor (1920s) [42]
  - IV - Billy Taylor (1920s) [42]
  - IV - Margie Taylor (1920s) [42]
    - m (Unknown) Williams
- III - Violet Taylor (1903) [24]
  - m Barker Curry
  - IV - Ralph Curry (ca. 1923) [42]
    - m (Unknown)
    - V - 3 daughters
  - IV - Billy Curry (mid-20s) )
  - IV - Donald Curry (mid-20s) ) All married,
  - IV - Jerry Taylor (late 20s) ) children unknown.
  - IV - Ann Taylor (late 20s) ) [all p. 42]
- III - Annie Taylor (1904) [26]
  - m Carl Kettle
  - IV - Frances Kettle (mid-20s) [43]
    - m Kenneth Adams
    - V - Eve Adams (ca. 1950) [43]
      - m (Unknown)
      - V - 2 other children (Unknown)
  - IV - Joyce Taylor (mid-20s) [43]
    - m (Unknown) McCoy
  - IV - Violet Taylor (mid-20s) [43]
    - m (Unknown) McCoy (brother of above McCoy)
- III - Hazel Elizabeth Taylor (1906) [28]
  - m Joe Adams
  - IV - Alfred Adams (1929) [43]
    - m Margaret Kaul
    - V - Wayne Adams (1950s) [43]
      - m Ruth (Unknown)

- VI - Jennifer Adams (1976) [43]
    - VI - Christabeth Adams (1983) [43]
  - V - Marie Adams (1950s) [44]
    - m Tom (Unknown)
  - V - Denise Adams (mid-50s) [44]
    - m Steve Johnson
    - VI - Shannon Johnson (1970s) [44]
    - VI - Josh Johnson (1970s) [44]
  - V - Eddie Adams (mid-50s) [44]
    - m Crystal (Unknown)
- III - Willie Lee Taylor (1909) [29]
  - m William Robert Cambron
    - IV - Robert Earl Cambron (1924) [44]
      - m Virginia Fuqua
      - V - Robert Earl Cambron, Jr. (ca. 1950) [44]
    - IV - Charles Cambron (ca. 1927) [44]
      - m Jean Johnston
      - V - Elizabeth Cambron (late 50s) [44]
        - m Wayne Hill
        - VI - Joshua Hill (early 80s) [44]
        - VI - Emily Hill (1985) [44]
      - V - Nancy Cambron (late 50s) [45]
    - IV - William [Billy] Taylor Cambron (early 30s) [45]
      - m Jane Bell. Divorced.
        - V - Deborah Cambron (late 50s) [45]
          - m Gregory Thrower
          - VI - Barry Wayne Thrower (ca. 1970) [45]
      - (IV) - Billy's second wife was Melba White. Divorced.
        - m Shirley Phillips
- II - Annie Graham (1870s) [6]
  - m George Taylor
    - III - George Taylor, )
      - m Effie Lou (Unknown)
      - m Ola Mae Shaw Taylor
    - III - Vernon Taylor )
    - III - Dewey Taylor )
    - III - Roy Taylor ) [All born late 1890s,
    - III - Ralph Taylor ) early 1900s] [9]
    - III - Myrtice Taylor )
    - III - Addie Taylor )
    - III - Johnnie Taylor )
    - III - Flora Taylor )
- II - Will Graham (1870s) [10]
  - m Minnie Ward
    - III - Bill Witt Graham (ca. 1917) [Adopted] [11, 13]
- II - Walt Graham (1870s) [12]
  - m Ola (Unknown)
    - III - Amanda Graham (late 1890s) [12]
      - m Nolan Coggins
    - III - Claudine Graham (late 1890s) [12]
      - m David Coggins

- III - Viola Graham (late 1890s, early 1900s) [12]
  - m (unknown) Cates (early 1900s) [12]
- III - Pauline Graham (early 1900s) [12]
  - m Bill Freeman
- II - Carrie Graham (1870s)
  - m John Witt
    - III - Raymond Witt )
    - III - Bertie Witt )
    - III - Gordon Witt ) (All born late 1890s, early 1900s)
    - III - Gladys Witt ) [13]
    - III - Mattie Witt )
    - III - Bill Witt (ca. 1917) [Adopted by Will Graham] [11, 13]
- II - Jean Graham (1880s) [13]
  - m Millard Chapman
    - III - Aileen Chapman (1918) [14]
      - m Raymond Hall
      - IV - A daughter
    - III - Mildred Chapman (1920) [14]
      - m Carroll Hanby
- II - Emmett Graham (1880s) [14]
  - m Annabelle Moore
    - III - Emanuel Graham (ca. 1912) [15]
    - III - Irving Graham (ca. 1914) [15]
- II - Sam Henry Graham (1880s) [15]
  - m Ruth Childress
    - III - Jeddie Graham )
    - III - Mary Ruth Graham ) [Born early 1900s] [15]
    - III - (Unknown) Graham )
- II - Stella Graham (1880s) [15]
  - m Jim Johnson
    - III - Irene Johnson (early 1900s) [15]

#### TAYLOR FAMILY - Maternal Side

- 1 - Sebron Lawrence McMichael (ca. 1840) [46]
  - m Mary Ellen Tomlinson
    - 2 - James McMichael (1860s) [46]
    - 2 - John McMichael (1860s) [46]
    - 2 - Mitchell McMichael (1860s) [46]
    - 2 - Chafin McMichael (1860s) [47]
    - 2 - Mary Virginia McMichael (ca. 1870) [47]
      - m Charles Shaw (He died 1900)
      - m Miles Bedford [47]
        - 3 - Ola Mae Shaw (1898) [50]
          - m Stokely Brackston Taylor
        - 4 - Guy Watson Taylor (1919) [65]
          - m Sylvia Renée Lifton

- 5 - Eric Anthony Taylor (1950) [65]
  - m Irene Tognazzini. Divorced.
  - m Carol Nathe Ulm
    - 6 - John Bernard Ulm Taylor (1976) [Adopted] [65]
    - 6 - Megan Lindsey Taylor (1982) [66]
- 5 - Ellen Jane Taylor (1954) [66]
  - m Kenji Yokoyama. Divorced.
  - m Thomas Killin Dalglish. Their child:  
Hannah Taylor Dalglish (1993) [66]. His sons by  
previous marriage:
    - 6 - Pablo Januario Silva Dalglish (1977) [66]
    - 6 - Gabriel Camilo Silva Dalglish (1980) [66]
 Now living with their mother in Brazil.
- 4 - Ola Louise Taylor (1922). Died in infancy. [66]
- 4 - Stokely Fred Taylor (1924) [34]
  - m Mary Farrow
    - 5 - Cheryl Renée Taylor (1948) [34, 36]
    - m Jerry Powell. Divorced.
      - 6 - Mark Taylor Powell (1968) [34, 36]
      - 6 - Christopher Todd Powell (1970) [34, 36]
    - m Warren Overton
- 3 - Ellen Sabrina Shaw (1899) [62]
  - m Marcus Lydell Howell
    - 4 - Milton Lydell Howell (1917) [67]
      - m Margaret Barksdale
        - 5 - Milton Lydell Howell, Jr. (1939) [67]
        - m Mary Alice Crouch. Divorced.
          - 6 - Patricia Howell (1963) [67]
        - m Patricia McInnis
          - 6 - Lisa Riesling (1960s) [Stepchild] [68]
          - 6 - Jeremy Riesling (1960s) [Stepchild] [68]
      - 5 - Julia Howell (1941) [68]
        - m Thomas Nolan. Widowed.
          - 6 - Thomas Nolan, Jr. (1962) [68]
          - 6 - Melinda Nolan (1964) [68]
        - m Joe Ortin
        - m Stephen Bird
      - 5 - John Howell (1946) [68]
        - m Andrea (Unknown)
          - 6 - Lane Howell (1981)
          - 6 - Lacey Howell (1983)
    - 4 - Hazel Vivian Howell (1921) [68]
      - m Vernon Wise
        - 5 - Mary Frances Wise (1943) [69]
        - m Lynn Hurst
          - 6 - Laurie Beth Hurst (1963) [69]
          - 6 - Kelly Hurst (1966) [69]
        - 5 - Laverne Wise (1944) [69]
          - m Robert Carroll Hilliard. Widowed.
            - 6 - Melissa Carol Hilliard (1964) [69]
            - 6 - Robert Mark Hilliard (1966) [69]
            - 6 - Bradley Hilliard (1970) [69]
          - m William Morgan

- 5 - Vernon Wise, Jr. (1946) [69]
    - m Sharon Wilhoit
      - 6 - Elizabeth Wise (1971) [69]
      - 6 - Cynthia Wise (1973) [69]
      - 6 - Spencer Wise (1981) [69]
  - 5 - Timothy Lydell Wise (1950) [69]
    - m Shirley Davis
      - 6 - Stacey Wise (1977) [69]
      - 6 - Scott Wise (1981) [69]
  - 4 - Gordon Edward Howell (1925) [70]
    - m Joan Manley
      - 5 - Sian Howell (1954) [71]
        - m Carl Baranco
          - 6 - Nicholas Baranco (1986) [71]
      - 5 - Margaret Howell (1957) [71]
        - m Joe Ashbaker
          - 6 - Kathleen Ashbaker (1988) [71]
          - 6 - Leslie Ashbaker (1990) [71]
  - 2 - (Mary Virginia McMichael Shaw, upon being widowed,
    - m Miles Bedford)
      - 3 - John Lawrence Bedford (ca. 1905) [64]
      - 3 - Otis Bedford (ca. 1908) [64]
      - 3 - Valerie Bedford (1911) [64]
        - m Eamon Dempsey. Widowed.
          - 4 - Billy Dempsey (1930s) [64]
      - m Frank Phillips
        - 4 - Walter Phillips (late 30s or early 40s) [64]
      - 3 - Edna Bedford (1913) [64]
        - m (Unknown)
          - 4 - Eileen (Unknown) [64]
      - 3 - Durward Bedford (1916) [64]
  - 2 - Pearl McMichael (ca. 1872) [50]
    - m Frank Bennett
      - 3 - Daisy Bennett )
      - 3 - Clarence Bennett )
      - 3 - Cecil Bennett )
      - 3 - William Bennett ) (Born late 1890s, early 1900s) [50]
      - 3 - Lawrence Bennett )
      - 3 - Clay Bennett )
      - 3 - Earl Bennett )
-



## LIFTON FAMILY - Paternal Side

(From Renée's Great-grandfather to her Grandchildren)

- A - Abraham Joseph Lifschitz (ca. 1830) [75]
  - m Dina Alpern
- B - Jacob Mordechai Lifschitz (1853) [76]
  - m Sara Ruth Shveduk
- C - Dora Lifschitz (1880) [77]
  - m Joseph Schiffman
    - D - Abraham Schiffman (1906) [89]
    - D - Harry Schiffman (1909) [89]
    - D - Sam Schiffman (1911) [89]
    - D - Herman Schiffman (1913) [90]
    - D - Florence Schiffman (1915) [90]
- C - Gershon ["Harry"] Lifschitz (1882) [77]
  - m Rose Burtinsky
    - D - Sally Lifschitz (1904) [90]
      - m George Miller. Divorced.
    - m Martin Schnur
      - E - Stanley Schnur (1925) [90]
        - m Babs (Unknown). Divorced.
      - F - Laurie Schnur (1955) [90]
      - F - Robert Schnur (1958) [90]
    - m Suzanne Habib
  - D - Abraham Lifschitz (1906) - changed name to Alan Lippe [90]
    - m Eve Golden
      - E - Karen Lippe (1951) [90]
        - m Sanford Lane
          - F - Jacqueline Lane (1982) [90]
          - F - Stephanie Lane (1987) [90]
      - E - Marylyn Lippe (1945) [90]
        - m Joel Goldsmith
          - F - Michelle Goldsmith (1969) [90]
          - F - Jonathan Goldsmith (1979) [91]
  - D - Mildred Lifschitz (1910) [91]
    - m (Unknown) Gottlieb
  - D - Herbert Lifschitz (1918) - changed name to Lippe [91]
    - m Sylvia Frank
      - E - Barbara Lippe (1942) [91, 92]
        - m Alvin Lee Frank
      - E - Diane Lippe (1945) [91, 92]
        - m Norman Crocker. Divorced.
          - F - Katharine Crocker (1969) [92]
          - F - Glenn Crocker (1972) [92]
          - F - Heidi Crocker (1974) [92]
      - m Neil Kerness
  - C - Lena Lifschitz (1883) [78]
    - m Morris Aaron Lubatkin
      - D - Abraham Lubatkin (1906) [92]
        - m Rose Goldberg
          - E - Ina Toby Lubatkin (1938) [Adopted] [92]
            - m Walter Miller

- E - Marsha Lubatkin (1940) [93]
  - m Robert Garfinkel
    - F - David Garfinkel (1963) [93]
    - F - Lauren Garfinkel (1966) [93]
- E - Michael Lubatkin (1948) [93]
  - m Christa (Unknown)
    - F - Son (1972) by Christa's previous marriage [93]
    - F - Eleah Rachel Lubatkin (1979) [93]
- D - Harry Lubatkin (1908) [93]
  - m Belle Frankel
    - E - Jerome Lubatkin (1931) [93]
      - m Bernice Klein
        - F - Mark Lubatkin (1961) [93]
        - F - Bruce Lubatkin (1963) [93]
        - F - Jeffrey Lubatkin (1966) [93]
      - m Robin (Unknown)
    - E - Morris Lubatkin (1940) [93]
      - m Sylvia Bailey
        - F - Gail Lubatkin (1967) [93]
        - F - Stephen Lubatkin (1969) [93]
- D - Michael L. ["Mickey"] Lubatkin (1909) [93]
  - m Rita Skear
    - E - Andrea Lubatkin (1946) [94]
      - m Frederick Richman
        - F - Lisa Richman (1983) [94]
        - F - David Richman (1987) [94]
    - E - Robin Lubatkin (1952) [94]
      - m Jim Romanov
- D - Frieda Lubatkin (1911) [94]
  - m Albert Moak
    - E - Marilyn Ann Moak (1936) [94]
      - m Gary Woghin
        - F - Susan Deborah Woghin (1962) [94]
        - F - Alan Woghin (1965) [94]
    - E - Carol Susan Moak (1940) [94]
      - m Marshall Adelstein
        - F - Alyse Adelstein [94]
        - m Adam Nendza
          - F - Laurie Adelstein [94]
- D - Sylvia Ruth Lubatkin (1915) [94]
  - m Aaron Harold Zonderman
    - E - Joan Marian Zonderman (1941) [94]
      - m Ronald Aaris
        - F - Michael Aaris (1960) [94]
        - F - Johnny Carlos Aaris (1963) [94]
    - E - David Zonderman (1943) [95]
      - m Ann Rosenberg
        - F - Beth Zonderman (1969) [95]
        - F - Todd Zonderman (1974) [95]

- C - Simon Lifschitz (1884) [78]
  - m Anna (Unknown)
    - D - Moe Lifschitz (1903) - changed name to Lipton [95]
      - m Adele (Unknown)
        - E - (A son) Lipton (1934) [95]
    - D - Hilda Lifschitz (1904) - changed name to Lipton [95]
      - m George Kaplan
        - E - Florence Kaplan (1934) [95]
        - E - Alan Kaplan (1937) [95]
        - E - (Unknown) Kaplan (1940) [95]
    - D - Herman Lifschitz (1909) - changed name to Lipton [95]
      - m Rose Berger
        - E - Eddie Lipton [95]
          - m Audrey (Unknown)
            - F - (Unknown) Lipton [95]
            - F - Wendy Lipton [95]
            - F - Adam Lipton [95]
    - D - Sylvia Ruth Lifschitz (1915) - changed name to Lipton [96]
      - m Isadore Bronfein
- C - Pauline [Pola] Lifschitz (1899?) [79]
  - m Simon Elkind
    - D - Adele Elkind (1921) [96]
      - m David Meyers
        - E - Phyllis Meyers (1941) [96]
          - m Julian Rock
            - F - Gregory Evan Rock (1966) [96]
            - F - Jennifer Dawn Rock (1970) [96]
            - F - Darren Michael Rock (1974) [96]
        - E - Robert Meyers (1947) [96]
          - m Caryl Gelwarg
            - F - Lee Renée Meyers (1975) [96]
            - F - Bari Lynn Meyers (1983) [96]
    - D - Sarah Elkind (1923) [96]
      - m Irving Blatt
        - E - Paula Blatt (1946) [96]
          - m Lawrence Bayes
            - F - Karen Bayes (1970) [96]
            - F - Jessica Bayes (1973) [96]
        - E - Peggy Ellen Blatt (1952) [96]
          - m Bruce Klang
            - F - Chad Klang (1987) [96]
    - D - Jeannette Elkind (1929) [97]
      - m Henry Stone
        - E - Lewis Ira Stone (1954) [97]
          - m Michelle (Unknown)
            - F - Jesse Charles Stone (1987) [97]
        - E - Patti Ann Stone (1967) [97]
        - E - Steven David Stone (1971) [97]

- C - Sam Bernard Lifschitz (1897?) - changed name to Lifton [80]
  - m Esther Rachel Schwartz
- D - Herbert Irving Lifton (1919) [97]
  - m Cherie Claire Saltzburg Stern
  - E - Fern Melody Lifton (1946) [97, 99]
    - m Robert Malcolm Segal. Divorced.
    - m Richard Garvey Laethem. Divorced.
      - F - David Benjamin Laethem (1984) [Adopted] [99]
      - F - Jared Matthew Laethem (1986) [99]
  - E - Heather Blair Lifton (1948) [99, 100]
    - m William Charles Sutter
      - F - Gregory Stuart Sutter (1975) [100]
      - F - Jessica Ann Sutter (1978) [100]
      - F - Glenn Michael Sutter (1983) [100]
- D - Jerome Howard Lifton (1920) [101]
  - m Millicent Gabowitz
    - E - Donald Evan Lifton (1945) [101, 105]
      - m Linda Robinson
        - F - Rebecca Robinson Lifton (1984) [105]
    - E - Neil Bruce Lifton (1950) [101, 106]
      - m Mary Bao
  - D - Sylvia Renée Lifton (1923) [107]
    - m Guy Watson Taylor
      - E - Eric Anthony Taylor (1950) [107]
        - m Irene Tognazzini. Divorced.
        - m Carol Nathe Ulm
          - F - John Bernard Ulm Taylor (1976) [Adopted] [107]
          - F - Megan Lindsey Taylor (1982) [107]
      - E - Ellen Jane Taylor (1954) [107]
        - m Kenji Yokoyama. Divorced.
        - m Thomas Killin Dalglish
          - F - Hannah Taylor Dalglish (1993) [107]
          - Tom's sons by previous marriage:
            - F - Pablo Januario Silva Dalglish (1977) [107]
            - F - Gabriel Camilo Silva Dalglish (1980) [107]

Both now living with their mother in Brazil.

# LIFTON FAMILY - Maternal Side

(From Renée's Great-grandfather to her Grandchildren)

- a - Abram Dyrnartsky (ca. 1840) [122]
  - m Esther Gordon
  - b-Israel Dyrnartsky (1870) - changed name to Cohen [122]
    - m Fanny Wolf
    - c - Esther Cohen (1895) [122]
      - m Milton Louis Goldworm. Widowed. Later married
      - m Aron Wynsoker
        - d - Jerome Paul Goldworm (1916) [126]
          - m Marjorie Forsythe

- e - Michael Goldworm (1939) [126]
  - m Jeania (Unknown). Divorced.
    - f - Wayne Goldworm [126]
    - f - Bruce Goldworm [126]
    - m Nancy (Unknown)
    - f - Brandi Nicole Goldworm [127]
- d - Charles Goldworm (1920) [127]
  - m Isabel Shipkin
    - e - Linda Goldworm (1954) [127]
    - e - Cathy Goldworm (1959) [127]
- d - Vivian Goldworm (1924) [127]
  - m Sherman Morton Goldsmith
    - e - Dean Goldsmith (1948) [127]
    - m Gene Glatte
    - e - Michelle Lois Goldsmith (1951) [127]
    - m Andrew Gonzales. Divorced.
    - f - Mitchell Eugene Gonzales (1987) [127]
    - e - Fred Robert Goldsmith (1955) [127]
    - m Debra Strauss
      - f - Louis Seth Goldsmith (1986) [127]
      - f - Genifer Elaine Goldsmith (1989) [127]
      - f - Gary Hal Goldsmith (1991) [127]
- b - Oscar Dyrnartsky (1870s) - changed name to Cohen/Devine? [123]
  - m Tillie (Unknown)
- b - Ida Dyrnartsky (1870s) - changed name to Cohen [123]
  - m Harris Schwartz. After being widowed,
  - m Jacob Mordechai Lifschitz [76]
  - c - Esther Rachel Schwartz (1894) [123, 130]
    - m Sam Bernard Lifschitz - changed name to Lifton
  - d - Herbert Irving Lifton (1919) [97]
    - m Cherie Claire Saltzburg Stern
      - e - Fern Melody Lifton (1946) [99]
      - m Robert Malcolm Segal. Divorced.
      - m Richard Garvey Laethem. Divorced.
      - f - David Benjamin Laethem (1984) [Adopted] [99]
      - f - Jared Matthew Laethem (1986) [99]
      - e - Heather Blair Lifton (1948) [97, 100]
      - m William Charles Sutter
        - f - Gregory Stuart Sutter (1975) [100]
        - f - Jessica Ann Sutter (1978) [100]
        - f - Glenn Michael Sutter (1983) [100]
  - d - Jerome Howard Lifton (1921) [101]
    - m Millicent Gabowitz
      - e - Donald Evan Lifton (1945) [101, 105]
      - m Linda Robinson
        - f - Rebecca Robinson Lifton (1984) [105]
      - e - Neil Bruce Lifton (1950) [106]
      - m Mary Bao
  - d - Sylvia Renée Lifton (1923) [107]
    - m Guy Watson Taylor
      - e - Eric Anthony Taylor (1950) [107]
      - m Irene Tognazzini. Divorced.



- m Carol Nathe Ulm
  - f - John Bernard Ulm Taylor (1976) [Adopted]  
[107]
  - f - Megan Lindsey Taylor (1982) [107]
- e - Ellen Jane Taylor (1954) [107]
- m Kenji Yokoyama. Divorced.
- m Thomas Killin Dalglish
  - f - Hannah Taylor Dalglish (1993) [107]
  - Tom's sons by previous marriage:
    - f - Pablo Januario Silva Dalglish (1977) [107]
    - f - Gabriel Camilo Silva Dalglish (1980) [107]
  - Now living with their mother in Brazil.

APPENDIX II

LINES OF DIRECT DESCENT

## LINES OF DIRECT DESCENT

From my Great-grandparents to my Grandchildren

## TAYLOR FAMILY - PATERNAL SIDE:

- I - William S. Graham (ca. 1840)
  - m Frances Lonergan
- II - Minnie Frances Graham (1871)
  - m William Thomas Taylor
- III - Stokely Brackston Taylor (1894)
  - m Ola Mae Shaw
- IV - Guy Watson Taylor (1919)
  - m Sylvia Renée Lifton
- V - Eric Anthony Taylor (1950)
  - m Carol Nathe Ulm
- VI - John Bernard Ulm Taylor (1976) [Adopted]
- VI - Megan Lindsey Taylor (1982)
- V - Ellen Jane Taylor (1954)
  - m Thomas Killin Dalglish
- VI - Hannah Taylor Dalglish (1993)
- Thomas' sons by previous marriage:
- VI - Pablo Januario Silva Dalglish (1977)
- VI - Gabriel Camilo Silva Dalglish (1980)

## TAYLOR FAMILY - MATERNAL SIDE:

- 1 - Sebron Lawrence McMichael (ca. 1840)
  - m Mary Ellen Tomlinson
- 2 - Mary Virginia McMichael (ca. 1870)
  - m Charles Shaw
- 3 - Ola Mae Shaw (1898)
  - m Stokely Brackston Taylor
- 4 - Guy Watson Taylor (1919)
  - m Sylvia Renée Lifton
- 5 - Eric Anthony Taylor (1950)
  - m Carol Nathe Ulm
- 6 - John Bernard Ulm Taylor (1976) [Adopted]
- 6 - Megan Lindsey Taylor (1982)
- 5 - Ellen Jane Taylor (1950)
  - m Thomas Killin Dalglish
- 6 - Hannah Taylor Dalglish (1993)
- Thomas' sons by previous marriage:
- 6 - Pablo Januario Dalglish (1977)
- 6 - Gabriel Camilo Silva Dalglish (1980)

## LINES OF DIRECT DESCENT

From Renée's Great-parents to her Grandchildren

## LIFTON FAMILY - PATERNAL SIDE:

- A - Abraham Joseph Lifschitz (ca. 1825)
  - m Dina Alpern
- B - Jacob Mordechai Lifschitz (1855)
  - m Sara Ruth Shveduk
- C - Sam Bernard Lifschitz (1897?) changed name to Lifton
  - m Esther Rachel Schwartz
- D - Sylvia Renée Lifton (1923)
  - m Guy Watson Taylor
- E - Eric Anthony Taylor (1950)
  - m Carol Nathe Ulm
  - F - John Bernard Ulm Taylor (1976) [Adopted]
  - F - Megan Lindsey Taylor (1982)
- E - Ellen Jane Taylor (1954)
  - m Thomas Killin Dalglish
  - F - Hannah Taylor Dalglish (1993)
  - Thomas' sons by previous marriage:
    - F - Pablo Januario Silva Dalglish (1977)
    - F - Gabriel Camilo Silva Dalglish (1980)

## LIFTON FAMILY - MATERNAL SIDE:

- a - Abram Dyrnartsky (ca. 1840)
  - m Esther Gordon
- b - Ida Dyrnartsky (ca. 1870) changed name to Cohen
  - m Harris Schwartz
- c - Esther Rachel Schwartz (1894)
  - m Sam Bernard Lifton
- d - Sylvia Renée Lifton (1923)
  - m Guy Watson Taylor
- e - Eric Anthony Taylor (1950)
  - m Carol Nathe Ulm
  - f - John Bernard Ulm Taylor (1976) [Adopted]
  - f - Megan Lindsey Taylor (1982)
- e - Ellen Jane Taylor (1954)
  - m Thomas Killin Dalglish
  - f - Hannah Taylor Dalglish (1993)
  - Thomas' sons by previous marriage:
    - f - Pablo Januario Silva Dalglish (1977)
    - f - Gabriel Camilo Silva Dalglish (1980)

## UPDATES

If one thing is certain, in writing about people, it is that changes occur constantly. Even as you read this, somewhere within these two large families a child is gestating, an older person may be drawing nearer to the end, two young people are surely falling in love, another couple could be contemplating separation, and on and on. All a chronicler can hope to do is to set down facts as they are at the moment of writing, knowing full well that some of them will have changed even before they reach print.

Here are a few changes which have come to my attention since some of the earlier pages were set up for printing. I hope that readers will add their own updates as time passes.

Page 29 - William R. Cambron, husband of my Aunt Willie (III-8), died of natural causes, at the age of 87, on 9 November 1993.

Page 34-36 - Mary Farrow Taylor, wife of my brother Stokely (IV-3), is now known to have regained her health and is living with her mother at a retirement center in Garden Grove, California.

Page 67 - Milton Lydell Howell (4-1), my first cousin, died at the age of 73 on 9 November 1990, of heart and hypertensive problems.

Page 76, last paragraph - It has come to light that at least two other Lifschitz children remained in Russia and did not immigrate to the United States. Two brothers who remained behind were sent financial aid by their sister, Lena, (C-3) - pages 76 and 78 - for some years. The two brothers were never heard from again after the Nazi invasion of Russia during World War II.



UPDATES

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UPDATES











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